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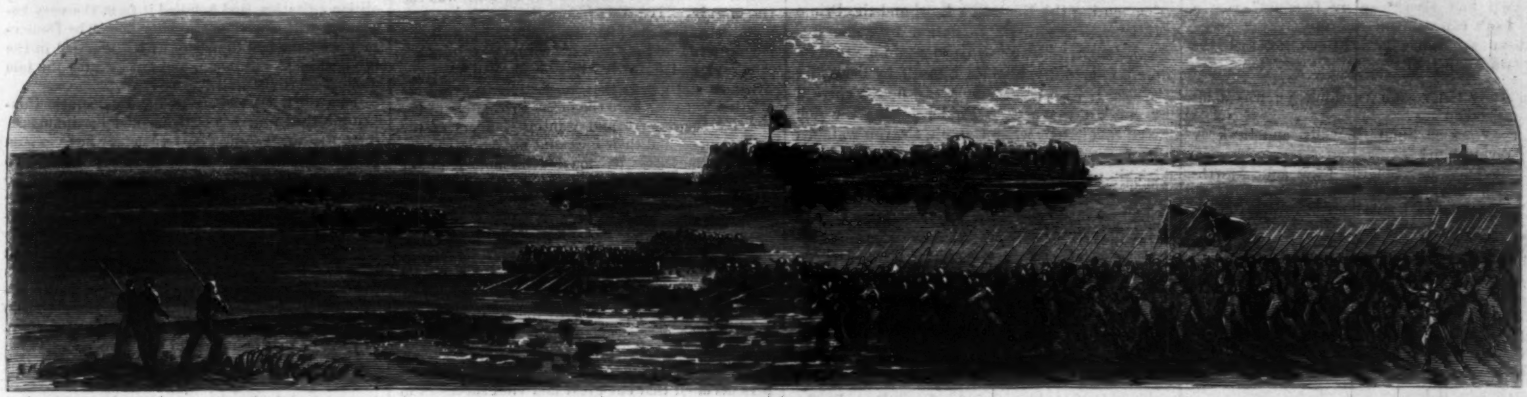

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—EVACUATION OF MORRIS ISLAND BY THE REBELS ON THE NIGHT OF SEPTEMBER 6, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.
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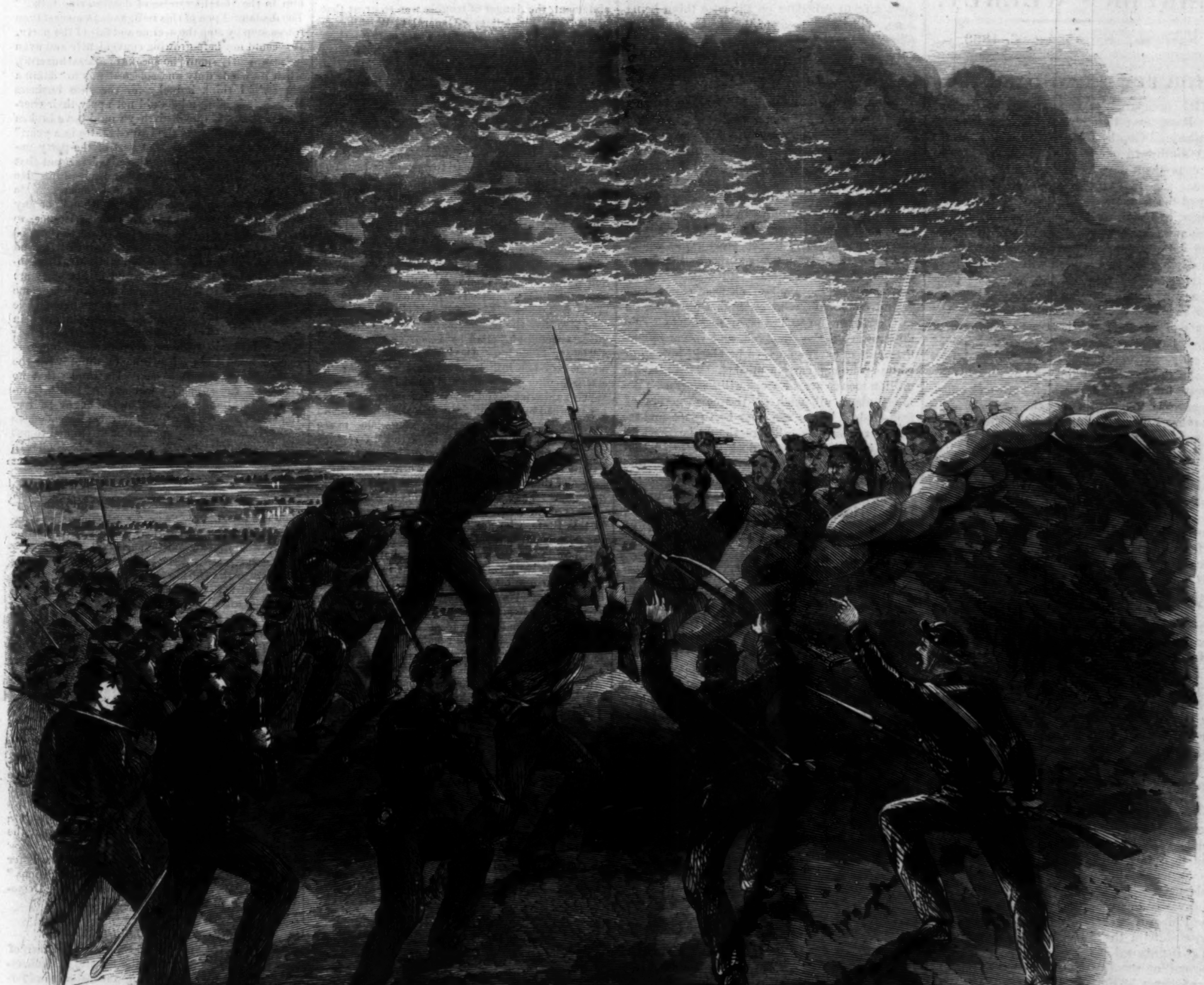


THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT UPON THE REBEL RIFLE-PITS, AUGUST 26, 1863.
SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

TU THE REPENTANT SAOUTH.

"Unless the errors of the past are promptly retrieved, the future holds no promise."—*From a Richmond Paper.*

RETREEVE the errors ov the past? Yure brother's blood is kallin,
From East and West, from Nawth and Saouth, whare yu hev laid 'em low.
Kin yu stop the blood from loyal hearts this verry minnit fallin—
Kin yu bring agin tu life the gallant boys we used tu know?

Go tu the grave whare Baker lies—whare Lyon is a-sleepin,
Go kall up the heroick three whu fell in Baltimore!
Give back tu ev'ry home bereeved the dear wuns in Death's keepin,
And wash the stain ov treason from orf Freedom's holy shore!

Oh! yu needn't say yu went tu war withaout no friendly warnin,
We al'lays told yu, from the fust, jest haow the thing wood be—
Thet yu'd find *yure* "cap ov freedum" was a fool's cap sum fine mornin,
And yu a preshus larfin-stock fur awl the wurld tu see!

So yu reely hev begun tu think yu was a bit mistaken
Tu open fire on Sumter's walls, and tawk ov revolushun?
Yu'd ruther not hev bin the fokes aour Nawthmen tu awaken,
An' yu wish yu'd stood up manfully fur the old Konstitushun?

Wa'al, I'm glad yu Suthern rebbels are a kummin tu yure senses;
I'm glad tu heer yu tawk abaout "the errors ov the past"—
It's time yu hed begun tu overhawl yure vain pretenses,
And put away yure darlin sins:—I hope the change 'll last!

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1863.

THE REMAINING DANGERS.

THE occupation of Chattanooga by General Rosecrans; the capture of Knoxville and Cumberland Gap by General Burnside; the retreat southward of the rebels in Virginia, and the consequent advance of the Army of the Potomac; the steady progress of General Gilmore toward the reduction of Charleston; the development of Union feeling in Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana; the expulsion of the rebels from the greater part of Arkansas; the departure of an expedition which will probably have the effect of clearing out the insurgents from Texas, and firmly planting the Stars and Stripes once more on the Rio Grande: these are the events of the day, and it is not presumptuous to say that they warrant very sanguine hopes of an early accomplishment of the National purpose in the present conflict, and measurably set at rest the apprehensions which were once entertained touching the issue of the struggle. On the other hand, the triumph of the Union party by an overwhelming majority at the election in Kentucky, and the still more overwhelming Union victory at the elections in California and Maine, coupled with the indications of an equally decided manifestation of loyal sentiment at the coming elections in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, may fairly be regarded as relieving us from the next greatest danger, namely, divisions at home. On whichever side we look, in this country, the symptoms are all favorable and the prospect serene.

The only remaining cloud which overhangs the national horizon comes from abroad; and it must be admitted that it is a cloud of formidable appearance.

The Emperor Napoleon is involved in an enterprise in Mexico which, as he knows perfectly well, is so obnoxious to the people of this country that nothing but the engrossing nature of the war in which we are engaged prevents our resisting him with force of arms. Even now the newspapers and the diplomatists are warning him that our first step after the subjugation of the rebels will be to expel his troops from Mexico. The question arises—will he wait till then? Or will he avail himself of our present helpless position to secure a foothold in Mexico, and then intrench himself against our future attack by an alliance with the Southern Confederacy? We know that Mr. Slidell, the rebel envoy to Paris, has had several audiences of the Emperor lately, and also that he has been closeted with the French Secretary of State. Was it proposed at these interviews that a joint recognition should take place—that of the rebel Confederacy by France, and that of the Mexican Empire by the rebel Confederacy? If not, what is the purpose of the shower of pro-slavery *brochures* that are being issued from the semi-official presses, seemingly for the purpose of educating French opinion up to the slave-driving standard?

Of course, it is easy to see that a recognition of the rebel Confederacy by France, involving sooner or later a war with this country, would be fraught with more evil for the French than it could yield benefit. Indeed, it is hard to see what advantage the French could hope to reap, under any circumstances, from so unnatural an alliance and so unnatural a war. But the dangers which we can see in the enterprise may not be so clear to the view of the Emperor; and even if they were, he has already involved himself in an operation in Mexico out of which there is no possible escape without loss and discredit.

On the other side of the channel our affairs look better, but still not very pleasant. Three iron-clad rams are rapidly approaching completion, two on the Mersey, one on the Clyde. Every one knows that they are for the service of the rebels, and that they are intended, not to rob and burn defenseless merchant vessels, like the *Alabama* and the *Florida*, but to bombard New York and Boston, and to break the blockade at Mobile and Wilmington. Every one in England, from the Queen downward, is perfectly aware of this fact. Yet the Government pretends to discover some impediment in the way of executing the Neutrality Law, and the Prime Minister, when urged to action by some few Englishmen, who seem still to retain a sense of decency, actually justifies himself by declaring that the British Government can not be coerced by foreign menaces. Public journals which raved maniacally when Captain Craven watched the *Sumter* off Southampton, and actually drove his ship to sea in a storm when he desired to refit, now bellow to us across the water—"Why don't you send cruisers here to look after Laird's iron-clads?"

It is so clearly the interest of Great Britain not to establish a precedent which would some day react fatally against herself, that, under ordinary circumstances, one might safely rely upon these vessels being seized. The probability would seem to be that after some more bluster against the Yankees by Lord Palmerston, and some more equivocation by Lord Russell, the law will be carried out—not from any regard for us or for fair dealing, but simply from a dread of future retribution in kind. Still it is not always safe to calculate on the wise thing being done. The equipment of the *Alabama* and the *Florida* was as great a mistake as England could have committed, as she will discover when next she goes to war; yet they are both at sea, burning our ships.

What, then, are we to do? Senator Sumner has proved to us, within a week, in an oration of remarkable eloquence, brimming with legal lore and apt precedent, that recognition is impossible, and war is impossible; and if the Senator were Prime Minister of England and France, instead of being Chairman of the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs in this country, his assurances would be very comforting. As it is, our policy is clearly to prepare for the worst, and then, if it doesn't come, return thanks to God for dangers escaped. But meanwhile we must push on the armies: on from Chattanooga, on from Knoxville, on from Culpepper, on to Charleston, on to Texas, on to Mobile. We must push on the draft too, and voluntary enlistments of every man—be he black, brown, or white—who can carry a musket. If we have a million men in arms Europe will respect us. We must, above all, push on the construction of iron-clads. These are your best peace-makers and peace-keepers. There should be the keel of an iron-clad in every dock-yard throughout the United States, and contracts made for iron plates enough to shield the greatest navy in the world. With a million bayonets and a hundred powerful iron-clads we shall be safe; otherwise, not.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

IN spite of the warnings of foreigners the public credit of this country refuses to be destroyed, and the people will not—blockheads that they are—understand that they are utterly undone. One day last week Mr. Chase borrowed another little sum of $50,000,000 from the Banks. The whole thing was settled in about ten minutes; and the only question which gave rise to any debate in the adjustment of the details grew out of an unsuccessful attempt of the Banks to secure the privilege of taking more loans at par.

The conversions of 5.20 Bonds—to which we have drawn attention more than once—is utterly unexampled in financial history. We are indebted to Messrs. Fisk and Hatch, who have sold most of the Bonds, for the following interesting statistics on the subject:

The sales of Five-Twenties to September 1, 1863, were as follows, viz.:

Through the Loan Agencies	$176,425,000
Through the various Sub-Treasuries	82,210,950
Total sale to September 1	$258,635,950

The Secretary of the Treasury has now completed arrangements for printing the Bonds in the Treasury Department. New plates have been engraved, and new devices adopted to protect the Coupons and the Bonds themselves against counterfeiting. The delay in delivering Bonds during the month of August was necessarily occasioned by these preparations. Now that they are completed, greater rapidity in the production of Bonds will speedily follow, while the Bonds are produced at a reduced cost to the Government.

Notwithstanding the late excitement in the money market, and the advanced rates of interest, money was freely offered at all times at six per cent. on Governments, and the demand for Five-Twenties continued good: there are indications at the Agencies that the continued success of our arms will greatly increase the demand during the next few weeks.

We continue to have considerable inquiry for Five-Twenties for the foreign market. The German Banking-houses are the principal buyers of Government Stock for shipment.

THE LOUNGER.

HOW SHALL WE VOTE?

A YEAR ago, in the last political canvass in this State, this paper, which belongs to no party, and which aims only at the sure and final salvation of the Government and country, strenuously supported the nomination of General Wadsworth for Governor. It did so because it saw that his success would be a bitter blow to the enemies of the country at home and abroad, while that of his opponent would be hailed with joy in Richmond, London, and the New York Hotel. This alone was a sufficient reason for supporting the Union nominations of last year.

The logical consequence of the success of a candidate who was acceptable to our enemies was the riot of July. Ten days before the riot that candidate, now Governor, had sneered at the National Government, and at the war for suppressing rebellion, and had covertly threatened mob violence. The men and papers that most strongly urged his election last year were the direct instigators of the riot, by their fierce and wanton slanders of the Government, and their incessant inflammatory appeals to the basest passions of the most ignorant class. They declared that the draft was an unconstitutional and unjust measure, by which poor white men were to be dragged off and forced to fight to free negroes. This was the ground taken by all the members of the party from the Governor down. The wild and wicked riot that followed they called an uprising of the people, and a great popular movement. The Richmond papers exulted. The correspondent of the London *Times* announced that the civil war had reached New York, and all the hostile French and English papers declared that our great and vital successes in the field were neutralized by the outbreak in New York. On the eve of the tumult, the Saturday before the Monday, when he knew that the city was without troops, and when, according to his own statement, the danger of trouble was so great that he had sent his Adjutant-General to Washington to beg that the draft might be stopped, the Governor, whose election was hailed by the foreign and domestic enemies of this country, went out of the State, was seven times telegraphed for in vain on Monday, and did not appear until Tuesday noon, when the first words of the chief magistrate of the State to the most cruel and lawless ruffians were—"My friends."

Another election is at hand. The same eager regard of friend and foe is turned upon it. The war still continues. The question of national salvation is still pending. There is no technical party issue whatever. How, then, will loyal men, who sincerely wish the absolute triumph of the National Government, vote? There are as before two tickets. There are as before two platforms or sets of resolutions. But resolutions are words, and words adroitly used conceal things. One of those tickets is supported by the most earnest hope of the Richmond papers, of the rebel leaders, of the men who hate the Union and the Government. Its success would be hailed by Davis and Toombs as a victory of theirs. Davis's organ suggests the advance of Lee into Pennsylvania as a means of strengthening the hearts and hands of those who support this ticket and of securing its success. It is sustained by the sympathy of Vallandigham and of every man in the Free States who wishes to see the rebellion triumph; and it is the ticket for which the Governor speaks and Fernando Wood and Benjamin his brother incessantly work. The characters of the candidates upon the ticket are not in question. They are but individuals, while the success of the ticket is the success of the managers in this State, who are known to all loyal men as the friends of the rebels.

There is another ticket, which is hated as cordially at the New York Hotel as it is in Richmond, and the triumph of which would fall upon the hearts of rebel sympathizers abroad as another grand proof of the resolution of the country not to yield to its domestic nor to please its foreign enemies. It would show the rebels that in our victory we were resolved as firmly as in our disaster to suppress causeless rebellion utterly and forever. And while thus it extinguished hope in rebel minds it would show all loyal hearts in the land that the Empire State is as imperial in patriotism as it is in power.

Every voter in the State must support one of these tickets. Every voter in the land, also, sympathizes with one or the other. Shall we vote as Davis and Vallandigham desire, or as the unconditional maintenance of our free, just, and popular Government demands?

WHAT A JACKSONIAN DEMOCRAT SAYS.

ONE of the most extraordinary and trenchant political works of the day is a letter lately published in the Boston *Journal* by "a Jacksonian Democrat," addressed to the Democrats of Massachusetts, and written, as the *Journal* informs us, by a delegate to the late Worcester Convention of Democrats who nominated a Webster Whig for Governor. This doctor of the Jacksonian school of Democracy begins by a striking and brilliant picture of the condition of Massachusetts. He concedes that it is truly great because it is truly democratic, although by no means such in a party sense, and concludes his summary by saying: "Yet nowhere on the continent so much as in the sincerely and thoroughly democratic Commonwealth of Massachusetts is the Democratic party so sincerely and thoroughly despised." He asks why, and answers, "Because we abandoned our principles to follow our leaders." "Because when South Carolina hated freedom, and honestly proclaimed its hatred, we who hated slavery meanly pretended to like it."

The Jacksonian Democrat then proceeds to a most scorching review of the consequences of this policy to "our noble old Democratic party." He shows how it utterly degraded it; how "the scum and the dregs of society were sluiced for years through the public offices into the managing committees of the great political parties." "From the offscourings of the public offices came our former leaders and their tools, the present Breckinridge gang. Under various names they have played at government for us during many years, and what they do not know about ruining a party or a country is hardly worth considering." He continues: "Genuine Democracy no more resembles the Democracy these men made us put up with than beefsteak resembles offal, or than broadcloth resembles shoddy." "The Democracy we have had to put up with displayed a masterly inactivity when a common man was to be benefited, but worked with all the energy of delirium in the interest of any mongrel who had been suckled by a negress." "This kind of Democracy produced the whole Abolition agitation, and handled it from the very beginning with a savage stupidity." "The Democracy we have had to put up with originated in the intellect of Mr. Calhoun, and exasperates the bile of Mr. Jefferson Davis."

This terrible Delegate to the Democratic Convention then sketches Calhoun and his influence. "He was the deadliest foe Democracy has yet seen in America." "General Jackson was one of the men who saw through him; and as the old hero was not able to *fear* him, he sagaciously and patriotically hated him to the last—him, and his principles, and his friends, and every thing that was his. On his death-bed he regretted that he did not have him hung." The Jacksonian Democrat shows how Calhoun ruled his party to ruin it and to divide the nation. He must have an "issue." "The tariff had been exhausted, and would not answer. Slavery, he thought, would." "He would have agitated the mule question just as soon if it had coincided with geographical lines. And he could have united the South upon the mule question just as well as upon the slave question, if he could have received the same help on it from those Northern idiots whose subserviency continually encouraged him in the 'fatal exercise of domineering talk!'" The disdainful pen of this indignant Democrat then traces step by step the decline and fall of the party. It "could not help growing conveniently and even inconveniently small [he speaks of Massachusetts], when its whole duty and sole test was to 'damn a nigger.' I think it lucky for the shoe business that their leading minds did not apply their energies to that. If they had, they would have broken up every shoe-shop in the United States in a year."

He proceeds to show that part of the party under Douglas revolted from these leaders; but that they now desire to resume their leadership. He objects. He has always been a Democrat. He never abandoned the name for "National" or any other. "I would like, with your assistance, to have the use of it [the name] confined to those of us who have never deserted or betrayed it. And I have a right to complain that while Mr. Breckinridge and four hundred thousand of his party are murdering their fellow-citizens in Virginia, some hundreds of them make use of *my* party name while robbing orphan asylums and roasting negroes in New York." This Jacksonian then continues: "On this point (if the newspapers report him correctly) I have the misfortune to differ with the Honorable Fernando Wood. He thinks that no Democrat can support a war against South Carolina in rebellion. Mr. Calhoun thought so too. General Jackson, on the contrary, intended to hang Mr. Calhoun the moment he attempted to put Mr. Wood's thought into practice. The General's intention to execute a rebel may yet be carried out by some of his party, though upon a different person—*in corpore vili*, as they say. And if Mr. Wood should happen to be that person, his efforts to overtake the hangman have been so strenuous, so indefatigable, and so meritorious, that it is impossible not to wish him the fullest success."

The Jacksonian disciple continues his scathing analysis of the fearful blundering of the usurping party leaders: shows that they are "political menials of the breeding interest;" that "the North has never broken any compromise of the Constitution," and they know it; declares that he does "not blame the South for breaking the Constitution, but for denying that they broke it;" that he "despises Mr. Seward for his want of comprehension" in asserting a higher law of conscience instead of the highest law of the public safety; criticises Southern "chivalry" and "gentility;" exposes the hollow pretense of the opposition to slavery agitation at the North; accuses the Southern Democrats of "meanly picking our pockets before they left us;" declares that if they had remained the Administration could have been checked; and "therefore I am compelled to say to them, that if the stream of events should bear us on so far, I shall behold with much resignation the corpse of the last rebel hanging in the chains of the last slave."

And this is a Jacksonian Democrat, who is for the Government "actively and without conditions." O conciliation! O fraternity! Which is the Democrat, this man or Vallandigham?

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

IN his recent speech Mr. Sumner, Chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, has collected and condensed all the flagrant instances of foreign hostility to us during the war, and has enriched, with all the lights of history and precedent, his view of the traditional foreign policy of Great Britain upon the subject of Slavery. His speech is a clear statement of what ought to be, and what has been, the conduct of European nations in questions of intervention. But our present interest is more exclusively the question, what *will be*, and is, their conduct.

International law is the custom of nations. There is no other court of arbitrament than the pleasure of the different governments. If any of them differ upon a point of the law it may be referred to another, or the view of each may be enforced by arms. In all cases it may be truly said that a nation tolerates no international custom which it does not think to be advantageous. Mr. Sumner cites the various occasions upon which Great Britain has intervened in the interest of liberty, sometimes alone, sometimes in concert; but always because, being a liberal government, she considered liberality in other nations safer for herself. Neither Great Britain nor any other nation adopts a policy merely because of its moral value. It is when morality is seen to be allied to interest that the interest is sought and the morality pretended. Mr. Sumner quotes Wilberforce as saying that Great Britain had been a commercial gainer by an anti-slavery policy. Unquestionably she has been. But without the security of commercial gain or political power would she have been an anti-slavery nation?

There is no more selfish nationality than the British. Mr. Roebuck stated the British principle precisely when he said at Sheffield: "Whatever is for the interest of Great Britain is the interest of the world." The question in our foreign relations, therefore, as regards England is, what does she think her interest requires? Mr. Sumner shows us how steadfastly she has stood for increasing freedom in every State, but certainly William Pitt quietly assented to what the Senator calls the greatest political crime of the last century, the partition of Poland; and William Pitt was England. When Fox reproached him Pitt said: "In general policy I am ready to confess that this partition is unjust." Still he assented. It is not, therefore, whether it is wrong to recognize the rebels as a power, nor whether it has been her habit to do so, nor whether it will help found a new barbarous power, which Great Britain will consider, but whether it is for her commercial and political advantage to see this country ruined and its government overthrown. Great Britain, which has maintained an anti-slavery policy, and France, which boasts of "ideas" and submits to Louis Napoleon, will do exactly what they think their interest demands. And if their action is entirely opposed to their traditions, they will decorate it with as fine a name as they have hitherto bestowed upon a course diametrically opposite.

Of course we do not say that moral considerations have no influence upon national action, for they are the ultimate source of all true national progress. And it is undeniable that the greatest political philosophers and the wisest men see that justice is coincident with interest. But such men are felt slowly and remotely in public affairs. They influence public opinion, and public opinion at length controls national action. Mr. Sumner's speech is a noble appeal to that higher reason which conducts human affairs. But it does not directly tell us whether we are likely to have a foreign war.

"CONCILIATION."

OUR friend Governor Horatio Seymour has been making another speech. It is remarkable that when nothing was to be saved but the country, Mr. Seymour declared that the Government had no power to "coerce" rebels, and that when the rebels began to coerce the Government Mr. Seymour retired to the frontier of Minnesota. But when Mr. Fernando Wood put him upon his feet as a candidate for Governor, and his political prospects were to be saved, he found his tongue, and used it to say that the loyal citizens had brought the war upon themselves, and that there was very good reason for the conduct of the rebels. And now that there is hope of helping his prospects still farther, Mr. Seymour makes speeches and writes letters without end. Indeed he has done so much of this work that the *Herald*, which worked very hard for his election, now says, "He can talk more without saying any thing, and write more without meaning any thing, than any other man we know."

His latest speech up to the time of this writing was before the Democratic Convention at Albany, in which he demanded "a conciliatory policy." What do he and men like him mean by conciliation? There is an enormous conspiracy against the Government. For two years it has made bloody war. Its intention is frankly expressed, its object plainly defined. It aims at a dissolution of the Union by means of forcible revolution. Mr. Seymour proposes "conciliation." The rebels demand separation because of what they allege to be a radical and essential incompatibility, and Mr. Seymour suggests "conciliation." They refuse to obey laws which even Horatio Seymour can not call unconstitutional, and he turns to the Government—that is, to the people of the country—and says, "Let's conciliate." In the same manner and upon the same principle, when the brute mob of New York, inflamed by him and his partisans, were burning and murdering defenseless houses and persons, the same Mr. Seymour called them, still reeking with innocent blood, "My friends," and then makes a jest of the phrase in his Albany speech.

What does he mean by "conciliation" to rebels who not only have not asked for it, but who laugh at him for suggesting it? The only "conciliation" possible is to yield to some of the rebel demands. Citizens refuse to obey the law. They resist it with blood. The Government is advised to say, "My friends, don't do so. Please to let us know the conditions on which you will obey." The adviser considers himself "a statesman" for proposing such a course, and his name is Horatio Seymour.

Mr. Seymour will remember that his political and patriotic sponsor, Mr. Fernando Wood, made the most servile apology to Robert Toombs and the State of Georgia because he could not prevent the seizure of arms intended, as Mr. Wood knew, to slay loyal citizens of the United States. Mr. Robert Toombs is one of the ringleaders of the rebellion to which Mr. Seymour offers "conciliation," and on the day after the offer was suggested Mr. Toombs's letter was printed, in which he says: "I can conceive of no extremity to which my country could be reduced in which I would for a single moment entertain any proposition for any union with the North on any terms whatever." Now it is for the sake of establishing a new political partnership with Toombs, Davis, & Co., that Mr. Seymour makes his proposition. "Just stop fighting a moment," he says to Toombs, "and make me President, and you shall have every thing you want." Unluckily for him, and not to put too fine a point upon it, Toombs spits in his face.

What does his Excellency think of his chances of "conciliation?" Let him ponder whether it was Seymour's saying and acting "My friends," or the rifles and howitzers that put down the riot.

COAXING REBELS.

THE Albany Democratic resolutions say that, in view of the recent loyal manifestations in North Carolina and elsewhere, "a policy of conciliation" should be adopted. But the Convention forgot to consider a very important and conclusive point. It is, whether any rebel desiring to lay down his arms and return to his allegiance has been prevented by the Government from doing so. If not, how can the Government "conciliate" him? If he has been prevented, where and when? As for the States in rebellion, they are a unit. When any one of them submits to the laws it will receive their protection. But the return of one State from the rebellion to its allegiance is like the surrender of a single brigade in a battle. The opposing General does not stop fighting until all are conquered or all have surrendered. When the rebellious citizens of the United States who live in the State of North Carolina submit to the Government they will leave citizens in Georgia still rebellious. If you say that an amnesty to the Carolinians will cause the Georgians to lay down their arms, the answer is plain enough, as Mr. Lincoln says—when the citizens cease to rebel it will be time enough to talk about amnesty.

Coaxing rebels to obey the laws may be a pretty policy for a party in extremity to suggest. But the people of the country have shown that they do not mean to coax but to coerce rebels, and they will go on crushing, not conciliating, rebellion.

TWIN CRIMES.

ONE of the Copperhead papers, with a complacency which could be found only in a dull devotee of the absurdity that there are no human rights whatever, speaks of the "twin crimes of Abolition and Secession." Why did it not complete the list of similar twins? There are, for instance, the twin crimes of parricide and filial affection; of incest and wedlock; of arson and humanity; of burglary and charity; of honor and treachery; of truth and falsehood; of murder and self-sacrifice; of decency and indecency; of temperance and drunkenness; of right and wrong. By the same wise classification we have also the twin criminals Lucrezia Borgia and Florence Nightingale, Tamerlane and John Howard; Washington and Benedict Arnold; Touissant L'Ouverture and Gordon, Aaron Burr and Hamilton; Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln; Robert Smalls and Robert Toombs; Morgan and Theodore Winthrop; Quantrell and Robert Shaw.

The Copperhead philosophers base their claim to conservative patriotism upon their denial of the fundamental principle of our Government and civilization—as if disbelief in God and the devil proved a man to be sincerely religious.

A BRAVE BARD.

Two days after losing his leg at the battle of Fair Oaks one of our German Volunteers consoled himself as follows. The Lounger is indebted to "Constant Reader" in Baltimore for the MS.

L-E-G ON MY LEG.

Good leg, thou wast a faithful friend,
And truly hast thy duty done;
I thank thee most that, to the end,
Thou didst not let the body run.

Strange paradox, that in the fight
Where I of thee was thus bereft
I lost my left leg for the Right,
And yet the right's the one that's left.

But while the sturdy stump remains
I may be able yet to patch it;
For even now I've taken pains
To make an L-e-g to match it.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

GENERAL GILMORE has been appointed Major-General of Volunteers, in consideration of his services before Charleston.

General RIPLEY, Chief of the Ordnance Bureau, has retired from that position. Colonel RAMSAY, late of the Washington Arsenal, assumes charge of the bureau temporarily; and Captain BENTON, of the Ordnance Department, has been appointed to the command of the Washington Arsenal.

The trial of Captain C. M. LEVY, Quarter-master, was commenced before General HOUGH's Court-martial last week. He is charged with having defrauded the Government by fraudulent vouchers for the pay of the employés in his department. His friends are confident that the charges will be explained or refuted.

Major FALLS, First Pennsylvania Cavalry, has been ordered to report to General HATCH, at Philadelphia.

Lieutenant JAMES STEWART, Battery B, Fourth Artillery, has been promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant in the same regiment. He remains, however, in command of his old battery, one of the most effective in the service.

Captain JOHN RODGERS has been detached, sick, from the command of the *Canonicus*, and is waiting for orders.

Commander E. G. PARROTT has been detached from the command of the *Augusta*, and ordered to the command of the *Canonicus*.

Lieutenant A. T. MACKENZIE's orders to the Naval Academy have been revoked, and he is ordered to the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Lieutenant-Commander RICHARD W. MEADE has been detached from the Ordnance Department at New York, and ordered to the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Dr. DRENAN, of the gun-boat *Commodore Jones*, was shot on the night of 12th in Norfolk by a sentinel. He started in a boat from Kimberly's wharf to cross over to the Naval Hospital, when he was hailed by the sentinel. Not hearing him, he kept on his way until he was shot and very dangerously wounded.

Captain RYAN, formerly Assistant Adjutant-General to General SYKES, has been appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Regiment New York Volunteers.

Colonel FOWLER, of the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers, has been dismissed from the service.

Captain A. M. PENNOCK, Fleet Captain of the Mississippi squadron, and Commandant of the naval dépôt at Cairo, Illinois, has arrived at Washington on a short leave of absence.

General HOOKER, it is reported, is about to be assigned to an important command.

A great number of staff officers have recently been mustered out of service, including nearly every member of General SIGEL's staff. The General still remains at Reading, Pennsylvania.

A new Monitor, the *Tecumseh*, was launched at Jersey City on 12th. She is 220 feet long, 45 beam, 12 depth of hold, and 7½ draught.

Commander GUEST has been ordered to the command of the *Galatea*, and Lieutenant-Commander FLEMMING to the *Sagamore*.

Captain WEBSTER, of the ship *Constitution*, captured by the privateer *Georgia*, says that his vessel was taken on the 25th of June, in lat. 20° 31′ south, long. 29° 16′ west. The pirate was commanded by Captain MAURY, who was wet-nursed at the United States Treasury for thirty years. The prize-crew plundered the *Constitution*, robbing the men of their private property. On the 28th of June the pirate captured and bonded the ship *City of Baltimore*.

General BARRY, Chief of Artillery, has been ordered on a tour of inspection.

The official orders detailing Generals MEIGS, HAMMOND, and BARRY, away from their Bureaus are similarly worded, and do not convey the impression that the officers referred to are to be permanently relieved.

Colonel SANBORN, of the Fourth Minnesota Volunteers, was last week made Brigadier-General.

The Hon. D. W. VOORHEES, member of Congress from Indiana, the friend and champion of Vallandigham, was roughly treated by some soldiers on a train of cars on 12th. They wanted to hang him, but the officers protected him; the soldiers, however, forced him to leave the train before he reached his destination.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHARLESTON.

DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HEAD-QUARTERS, IN THE FIELD, *Sept* 7, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg are ours. Last night our sappers crowned the crest of the counterscarp of Fort Wagner on its sea front, masking all its guns; and an order was issued to carry the place by assault at nine o'clock this morning, that being the hour of low tide.

About ten o'clock last night the enemy commenced evacuating the island, and all but seventy-five of them made their escape from Cumming's Point in small boats.

Captured dispatches show that Fort Wagner was commanded by Colonel Keitt, of South Carolina, and garrisoned by fourteen hundred effective men; and Battery Gregg by between one and two hundred.

Fort Wagner is a work of the most formidable kind. Its bomb-proof shelter, capable of holding eighteen hundred men, remains intact after the most terrible bombardment to which any work was ever subjected. We have captured nineteen pieces of artillery and a large supply of excellent ammunition.

The city and harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by my guns.

I have the honor to be, General, very respectfully your obedient servant,

Q. A. GILMORE, Brigadier-General Commanding.

THE "WEEHAWKEN" AGROUND.

The *Weehawken*, while making an attack on Fort Moultrie, which resulted in a terrible explosion, got aground, and had to receive a terrific fire from a hundred rebel guns. The *Ironsides*, however, came to the rescue, assisted by the Monitors, and poured an overwhelming fire into Moultrie and all the other batteries in turn and silenced for a time the guns of each. She fought the fight gloriously for five hours, and retired after inflicting serious damage upon all her assailants, being herself unhurt. The *Weehawken* subsequently got off without damage.

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK ON SUMTER.

An assault by our boats—nearly thirty in number—was made on Fort Sumter on the night of the 8th, but it proved unsuccessful. The flotilla was manned by two hundred sailors and marines, under command of Lieutenant Williams, of the *Wissahickon*, and Captain Stevens, of the *Patapsco*. Upon attempting to land they were fired upon by musketry, and upon a given signal all the rebel batteries which could bear upon Sumter, together with the broadsides of two rebel vessels, were opened upon the devoted boats. Fifteen officers, who had landed on the fort, were captured. Three boats were knocked in pieces, and eighty sailors and marines were killed or wounded. The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 11th confirms this account in substance, claiming, in addition, the capture of four boats and three colors. Our officers are held prisoners in Fort Sumter.

CHARLESTON TO BE SHELLED.

It is stated that a special message was recently forwarded to Washington by General Gilmore, asking for instructions as to the shelling of Charleston, and that he was ordered to continue the bombardment until the city surrendered.

THE LATEST.

The latest dates from Charleston are to Saturday, the 12th instant, at eight o'clock in the evening, by the United States transport *Nellie Pentz*, which arrived at Fortress Monroe on 15th. Before the transport left Hilton Head the relief-boat *Cosmopolitan* had arrived from Morris Island with the news that a white flag was flying over Fort Moultrie, that our troops had possession of a large portion of James Island, and that two Monitors were lying between Forts Sumter and Moultrie. This was the condition of affairs on Friday evening. When the *Nellie Pentz* was passing Charleston bar, at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the captain saw a white flag flying from the walls of Moultrie. It was said that the fort fired its last gun at four o'clock on Friday.

CHATTANOOGA OURS.

CAMP NEAR TRENTON, *Sept* 9, 8.20 P.M.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Chattanooga is ours without a struggle, and East Tennessee is free. Our move on the enemy's flank and rear progresses, while the tail of his retreating column will not escape unmolested. Our troops from this side entered Chattanooga about noon. Those north of the river there are crossing.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General.

DETAILS OF THE AFFAIR.

Dispatches dated Chattanooga, September 9, say:

Generals Wood and Wagner entered this city at eleven A.M. The enemy's rear-guard—Pegram's cavalry—left an hour before. We have taken two steamboats, one horse-boat, and thirty pontoons, very few stores, and no artillery or prisoners. The rebel works are very strong. The casualties of the whole expedition are just one man killed. Bragg discovered the flanking movements of M'Cook and Thomas on Monday night, and immediately began to withdraw his troops upon the road to Rome. Johnston had reinforced him with two divisions.

CHATTANOOGA, *September* 10.

General Rosecrans entered this city to-day. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, is celebrating mass in the cathedral at his request. Nearly all the citizens left three weeks ago, with their household goods. Very few returned.

CUMBERLAND GAP OURS.

CUMBERLAND GAP, TENN., *Sept.* 9, 1863.

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief:

I have telegraphed you our movements up to the occupation of Knoxville by our forces. Since then a cavalry force has been sent up the railroad to within a few miles of Bristol, capturing some three locomotives and twenty odd cars. Another force, composed of two regiments of infantry and two regiments of cavalry, I brought to this place in person to reinforce General Shackleford, who was here with two regiments of cavalry, Colonel De Courcy being on the Kentucky side with a brigade which I started in that direction before leaving Kentucky. The infantry brigade marched from Knoxville to this place—sixty miles—in fifty-two hours. The garrison here, consisting of over two thousand men and fourteen pieces of artillery, made an unconditional surrender at three P.M. to-day without a fight.

A. E. BURNSIDE, Major-General.

FIGHT AT CULPEPPER.

The details of the advance, the fight, and the victory of General Pleasanton's cavalry—under Generals Buford, Kilpatrick, and Gregg—at Culpepper, on Sunday, show that it was not only a brilliant but an important affair, and may probably be regarded as the advance movement of General Meade's army. The cavalry crossed the Rappahannock and reached the banks of the Rapidan; came into collision with Stuart's cavalry and the light artillery of the enemy, and, after a series of skirmishes, drove them from point to point until they reached Culpepper, through which town they charged, driving the rebels before them, and capturing over one hundred prisoners and three guns, two 12-pounders and one 6-pounder. A large quantity of ordnance stores were found in the railroad dépôt at Culpepper, the guns being of English make, with sabre bayonets attached. General Buford's division followed up the enemy beyond Cedar Mountain, and encamped on the banks of the Rapidan.

VICTORIES IN ARKANSAS.

The rebels have evacuated Little Rock, and retired forty miles westward to Fort Washington. Official intelligence of the capture of Fort Smith, Arkansas, was received at Leavenworth last week. The rebels, four thousand strong, under Generals Cooper and Cabell, fled before General Blunt, and dispersed in all directions. General Davidson met the rebels at Bayou Metre, nine miles from Little Rock, on the 27th ult., and drove them across the creek. The rebels, who were three thousand strong, burned the bridge behind them and betook themselves to the woods. The abandonment of Little Rock must have immediately followed this movement.

SUSPENSION OF THE HABEAS CORPUS.

The President has issued a proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus in all cases where, by the authority of the President, military, naval, and civil officers of the United States, or any of them, hold persons under their command or in their custody, either as prisoners of war, spies, or aiders or abettors of the enemy, or officers, soldiers, or seamen enrolled, drafted, mustered, or enlisted in the land or naval forces of the United States, or deserters therefrom, or otherwise amenable to military law, etc. The authority of all civil courts in these cases is thus set aside, and military rule placed above it; and the proclamation of the President is declared to be continued in force throughout the duration of the war, or until Mr. Lincoln shall see fit to revoke it.

ATTACK ON THE RALEIGH "STANDARD."

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 11th instant says: The office, type, and presses of the Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard*, edited by William Holden, have been destroyed by a party of Georgia soldiers. Mr. Holden was in Petersburg at the time. In return for this outrage the citizens and friends of the *Standard* destroyed the office of the *State Journal*. Governor Vance reached the spot after the work of destruction was nearly completed, and begged the crowd to desist, rebuking them for the act, and telling them that no such example had been set in "Lincoln's dominions."

UNION SENTIMENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Letters from General Foster's Department in North Carolina show how rapidly the Union sentiments of the people are growing. Meetings have been held in different parts of the State in support of the Raleigh *Standard*, whose loyal opinions have provoked the recent attack of the rebel soldiers.

RIOT AT MOBILE.

A dispatch from Memphis says that a fearful riot occurred in Mobile on the 4th instant. A party of soldiers' wives, to the number of six hundred, paraded the city, with exciting mottoes on their banners, such as "Bread or Peace." The soldiers offered no opposition to the display, but in some instances the citizens attempted to arrest the progress of the procession. Intense excitement prevailed.

JEFF DAVIS DENOUNCED.

The Charleston *Mercury* has a savage article on Jeff Davis. It says that he has lost the confidence of both the army and the people.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REBEL RAMS.

EARL RUSSELL has replied to the memorial of the Emancipation Society praying for the detention of the rebel rams at Liverpool under the Foreign Enlistment act. He says that the subject of the building of these vessels had long engaged the attention of the Government, but in order to detain them under the act ministers must have proof "both of equipment and the intention" to make war on a friendly Power. The memorialists do not offer to give any proof, but merely say they are "informed" of so and so, and "believe" so and so. Under British law prosecutions can not be undertaken without "affidavits of creditable witnesses, as in cases of misdemeanor and crimes."

FRANCE.

THE PIRATE "FLORIDA."

The Paris *Moniteur* defends the admission of the pirate *Florida* to the dock-yard at Brest to repair damages to her sailing power, but not to ship material to enable her to fight. The Emperor having recognized the Confederates as belligerents, her reception for repairs is "according to the ordinary principles of international law."

AUSTRIA.

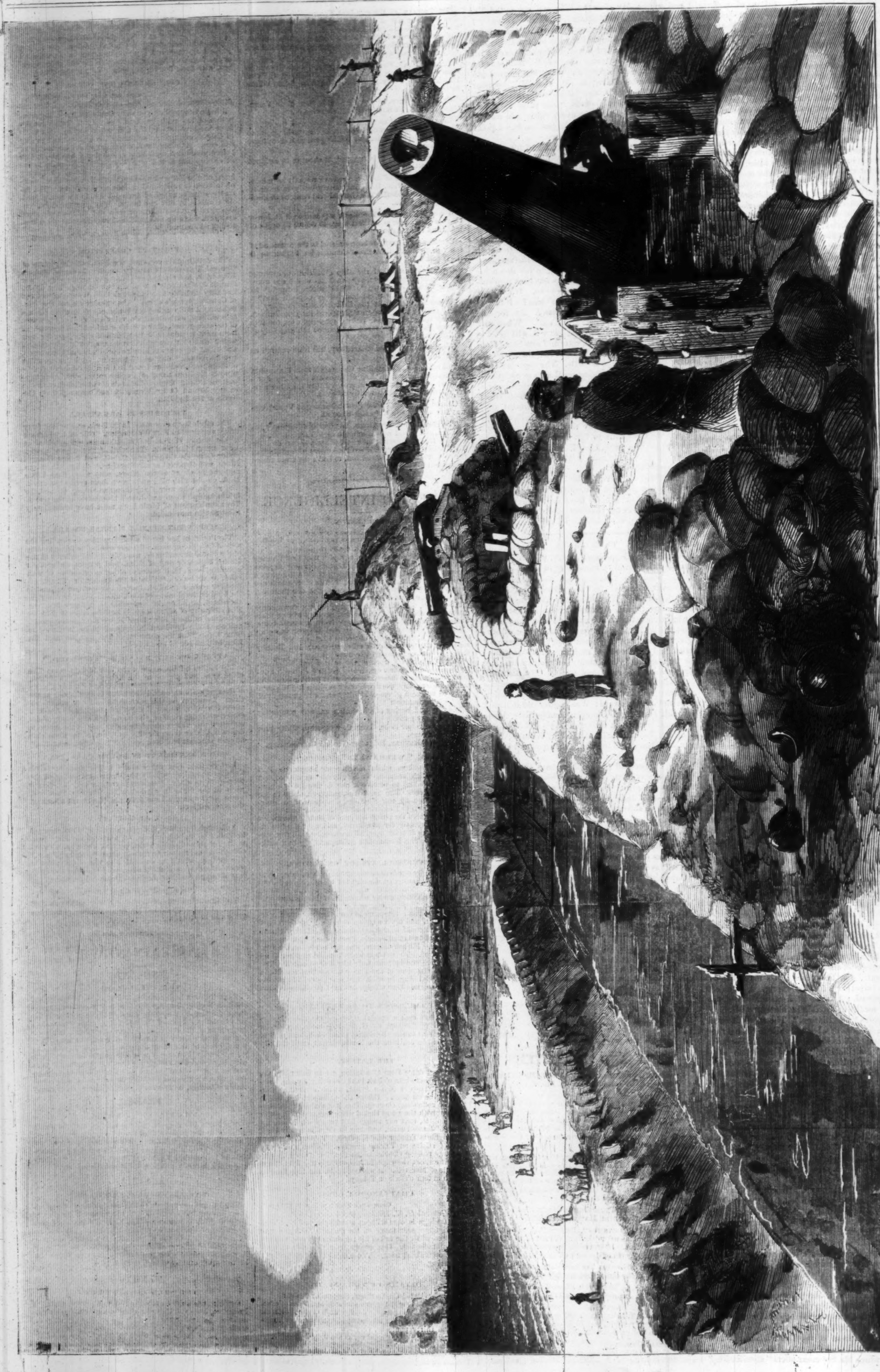
THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The leading journals of Vienna are taking a strong position against the acceptance of the throne of Mexico by the Archduke Maximilian. The Vienna *Presse* says, Napoleon never would have proposed a throne but that he believed in the triumph of the Southern rebels, and now when "the overthrow of secession is as good as decided," he wishes to plant some prince on it, then withdraw the French army and leave him to his fate.

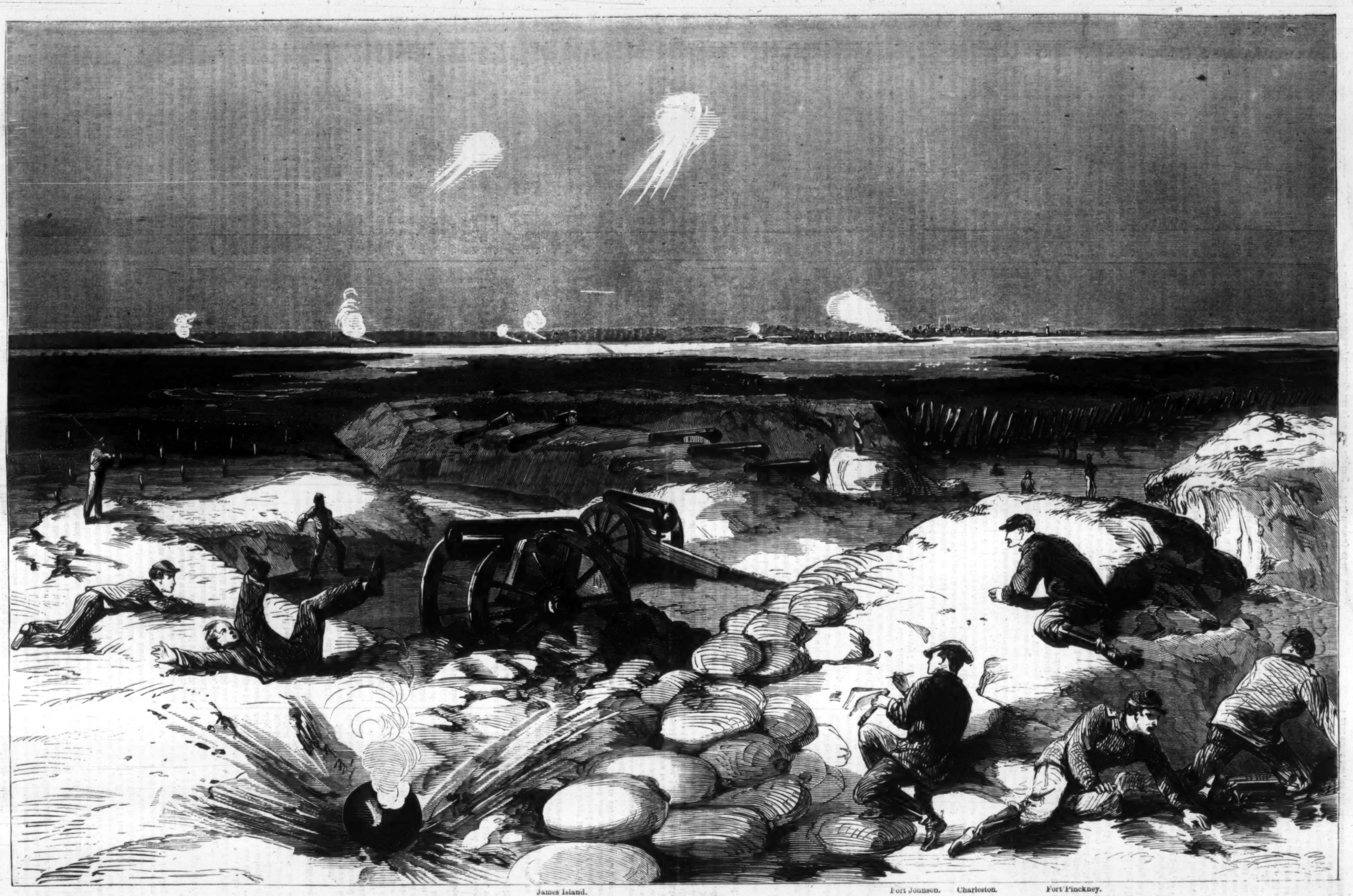
MEXICO.

THE SHAM GOVERNMENT.

Our latest news from the city of Mexico, by way of S. Francisco, is to the 15th ult. The triumvirate had notified the representatives of foreign Powers that a legal government had been established in Mexico, and required a recognition of the powers vested in them. The minister of the United States and of Central America, however, replied that they should continue to recognize the Juarez government until they received instructions from home.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—VIEW FROM THE SEA-FACE OF FORT WAGNER.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 621.]


James Island.
Fort Johnson.
Charleston.
Fort Pinckney.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SCENE OF THE DESPERATE ASSAULT UPON WAGNER, JULY 18, 1863—A SHELL FROM FORT JOHNSON.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 621.]

FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

HAL AUCHESTER and Charley Dayter, boys of fourteen, were sauntering on the east side of a certain up-town street, dingy with tenement-houses and beer saloons, desolate with wastes more hopeless than those of Babylon, and thrown permanently out of countenance by a sprinkling here and there of raw brick houses, forlorn outposts of a civilization that in New York at least sets westward; the whole more unsightly in that clear golden air than on days of drizzle and of slush, for just as the sweet April time draws out into the light dank things whose nature it is to hide and crawl in ditch and hedge, so now the wretched street, warmed into life, seemed to have spawned; and in all its stagnant gutters and black-silled human kennels swarmed with men, women, and children, wild-eyed, ragged, noisome, hateful to behold.

Now sauntering *per se* is not a special irritant to human nature that I wot of, but the way that these two young cockerels of aristocracy did it seemed a throwing down of the gauntlet to sansculottedom in general: and presently murmurs followed in their wake, compliments rained upon them from the door-steps, and just as they reached a half-dug cellar-way something heavier—a shower of stones.

Hal and Charley faced about at once with suspicious promptness, and in truth, I their historian am by no means certain that this was not what, in their inmost hearts, these young savages desired. The quarrel was an old one, dating back in a general way to Cain and Abel; for these boys in particular, from the time that they wore their first boots, and the sans culottes about them toes several sizes smaller. The position was not of their own choosing, but the odds were not altogether so formidable as they appeared. Among their assailants were not more than four or five grown boys; the rest were small fry, throwing an occasional stone, but good principally for dodging and yelling.

These beholding the valiant front opposed to them stopped at prudent distance and waited for their leader, a veteran in service of this sort whom our boys had dubbed Danton; a hero relying very much on his avoirdupois, who came at them after a heavy battering-ram fashion, taking Hal, who stood a little in advance, first.

Had that young gentleman been a stone-wall his demolition had been certain; as it was, he simply stepped aside, and behold one sans culotte collared!

"Dirt thou art, and unto dirt thou shall return," quoth Hal, looking down upon him. The crowd yelled, but gave back. Charley waved his cap.

"Hurrah! they are backing down."

Foolish Charley! hallooing before well out of the wood. For even as he spoke down fell Hal on the pavement, white and senseless, hit by a stone.

Only a street fight. No mighty matter in itself; but Lachesis spins with fine threads. A miserable quarrel about a key cost civilization a great war, and this street squabble must needs put on airs of destiny and be related because of its consequences. For as it happened, for some time past Jessie Auchester's sky had been specially gray for reasons, and being in town she found the clatter of Broadway grievous, its throng insupportable; hence she had turned into a side-street, and, busy with certain thoughts, she hardly saw the increasing dinginess and squalor of all about her, till stopped short by the crowd, and the sight of Hal prostrate, and Charley on guard and defiant.

It was the first time in her life that she had ever found herself face to face with a necessity beyond the rule of propriety, and without a precedent bearing upon it. In what a young lady should do, wherever it was decorous to suppose a young lady possible, she had been carefully instructed from pantalets up; but in the present emergency young ladyism found nothing better or nobler than to gather up her snowy skirts and glancing silks and hurry away, while the tender woman's instinct roused to assert itself pitied the two boys so hardly bested, and wondered, in spite of her, if a girl could do any thing to help them; and as has been the case in many another moral conflict, a brute, blundering motion that was not even an instinct decided her after all; for, while she hesitated the crowd, obeying one of those mysterious impulses common to crowds, surged back upon her with a wave-like motion, drew her in like so much helpless foam on the dark mass, and carried her with its recoil back close upon the inner ring about the combatants, and pushed and jostled her, not a little terrified at such rough handling, fairly face to face with Charley, at whom she looked straight without knowing him: and no wonder—bruised, grimed, and bleeding, his destiny could hardly have been sure of him in such a pickle.

He, however, took in this dainty apparition and its consequences at once.

"Harry's sister, by ——!" (we omit the expletive, for we don't think as well of swearing as Charley did) quoth he, wrathfully to himself: "here's a pleasant prospect! rows with the governor, and preaching at the 'paternal' generally! Miss Auchester, what ever brought you here?"

Jessie looked up confounded.

"Charley! You!"—and with that she spied Harry just before her, white and still as in the peace of death; and uttering a little cry, down she went on her knees beside him, lifting the poor head in her arms, kissing it frantically.

"Oh, they have killed him!" she cried, looking up in anguish at Charley.

On hearing that all his valorous assailants betook themselves to their heels, seeing a gallows in perspective.

"Scared by a girl, after all," said Charley, looking after them with huge contempt, to Jessie, who would have been never the wiser had the earth opened and swallowed them.

Somebody, not Charley, stooped down beside her.

"My dear Miss Auchester, there is no cause for alarm. The wound is a trifle."

Jessie looked up hastily.

"Jack! you here! Oh! what shall I do?" And in that one phrase gave up a host of Spartan resolutions and an everlasting coolness of two weeks. A smile, that left undisturbed the gravity of his mouth, shone out in the depths of the kind eyes, looking into hers with a little gentle triumph and very much of tenderness.

"Do? Not very much. Allow me to call a carriage, and don't look so terrified. *Parole d'honneur*, the scratch is not worth your paleness."

Jessie hesitated. The prescription was simple, but it called a dangerous wound a scratch, and that she resented; and it set aside at once the everlasting coolness mentioned for an old foolish fashion of trust and dependence—fashion, like most of those belonging to the Valley of Humiliation, sweet but mortifying. Besides, it involved consequences. If he aided her at all he must go home with her, and once there, return that night would be impossible; and then for very shame's sake she must ask him to stay, and—all these "ifs" admitted as facts, no one knew better than she that she would infallibly ask his pardon for having offended him within the next half hour.

Jack waited quietly till he met an upturned, puzzled look.

"Well?" he said.

His patience smote her with shame for her pitiful hesitation and poor pride.

"Do what you will, only help Harry." And having said that with crimson and averted face, it suddenly occurred to her that really there was no reason why she should not have said so at once and looking straight before her, as, under the circumstances, there was hardly any other course left open.

Meanwhile, under the ministrations of Charley the practical, Hal had revived, and was looking at his sister in ludicrous dismay.

"You see," said Jessie, severely, "you might have been killed."

"Not so easily. All the fellows of our club get into these scrapes."

"Your club! A boy of your age!"

"Boy! When, then, does the man develop?"

"I beg pardon. You spoke of a club. What are your occupations there?"

Hal colored slightly.

"That isn't a girl's business. We smoke and play billiards."

Jessie turned away with a gesture of despair.

"Never you mind," hissed Charley in his ear. "If she makes you trouble just drop a hint about that long, tall Winthrop. I saw the way in which they looked at each other. *Verbum sap.*" And he marched off whistling.

By this time Jack had the carriage in waiting. Jessie made a final effort for dignity.

"Mr. Winthrop, we are giving you too much trouble."

"Oh! if you do not wish it," stepping back.

"But I do wish it," holding out her hand impulsively.

The hand was taken and kept for a moment.

"We have a truce, then."

"No, peace."

"It would be pleasant to know why there was war. Could I have been told my fault, I might have repented."

"If you do not guess I shall not tell you."

"I wish you wore calicoes," broke in Hal, peevishly. "Then I could lay my head on your shoulder; now I am afraid of spoiling that shining stuff of yours."

"What of that, you unkind boy? You know that I love you; only when you smoke and fight—"

Hal gave himself a peevish twist. "Always hammering on the same nail: you goad a man into mischief. Besides, what does a girl know about it? A man can't be tied down to parlors and the west side of Broadway."

"A man! Oh!" and then, warned by a wise instinct, Jessie betook herself to patting and kissing the head on her shoulder, while Jack looked on jealously, and thought "The young Choctaw!"

All this while they were going on to the dépôt, and then there was a dusty railway whirl to be endured, and then a carriage waiting to bowl them along over smooth elm-shaded roads to Rosehill—an old house to be respected for its date and substantiality, to be loved for its comfortable air; deep-windowed, square-roomed, and given unto piazzas; turning its back on the road, fenced in from it in fact, as if, to alter Walpole a little, its builder had given hedge and grove a charge never to let him see the highway; but looking lovingly on grassy slope and winding paths, going down to the river, amidst chestnuts and willows, that held in the leafy frame of their boughs a picture: a rounded purple bluff, a woody point of land, a quiet stretch of water, and sky, and sweet odors, and bird-trillings, in such measure as it pleased our gracious God to give day by day. Fruit trees then in the last of their blossom lined the lanes that led to the old house, and, with every breeze that stirred, rose and white petals went floating through the warm golden air like summer snow; great bees buzzed madly about, as if in utter bewilderment amidst their sweets; birds rose before them and skimmed away over the broad meadows on either side; voices of singing came from men in the fields, and, if the boughs parted ever so little, there was the river, and some lazy sail straying past.

"Lovely!" said Jessie.

"Lovely!" echoed Jack, looking straight at her.

"Slow, I say," snapped Hal, whose head ached to crossness.

"Poor child! no club-room," cried Jessie, sympathizingly.

"If you don't drop that—"

But she had already turned her guns in another direction.

"Mr. Winthrop, it was singular that you stumbled on us so opportunely. How happened it?"

As she spoke he had stretched out his hand to help her from the carriage, and for all answer he looked down at her, meeting her eyes and holding them with that singular smile in his own that broke up their calm depths like light in water, yet in which the mouth took no part. Then Jessie paid the penalty of disobeying Holy Writ, and not counting the cost before going into battle. For life, for the majority at least, is dual. There is a life of conventional talking and acting for the world, and there is an inner life of thought and motive, into which we take those nearest us in spirit, and show them what we will. That is the rule, burdened like other rules with its exception; for, watch as we may, it must inevitably occur that, benumbed by the spell of a stronger will, or taken by surprise, self-control shall some time forget its office, and give entrance into our very most sacred thought to that other alert and victorious spirit.

So it fared with Jessie, and such a moment was that in which he stood with her on the sunny piazza, still holding her hand; and he had known it and seized it, read in that instant what she had veiled from him all winter with shyness and coldness, proclaimed it to her with his look, and she could not deny it—triumphed over her, and she could not resent it. Her eyes sank before his, her face began to burn with blushes. At that moment back came Hal from a predatory excursion to the housekeeper's room, in full cry:

"Jessie, I say, Jess, you had better look sharp. There has been an invasion. The house is full of people. Pierre M‘Clane and his mother and sisters, Sally Lennox—"

"Company! oh!" cried Jessie, and fled swiftly up the stairs to her room, where her maid was waiting. Her she promptly sent away, perhaps the better to peep through her blinds at Winthrop, musing on the piazza below; but I have noticed that some evil fate always attends such peeping, for just as she got her blue eyes in position a clear voice rang out, "in questo semplice," from the shrubbery, and a lady, in garden-hat and walking-dress, came sweeping around the corner of the house, walking with springy, elastic grace, and affording glimpses of shapely feet and ankles as she walked. She held out her hand to Jack with the air of one taking possession of lost property.

"Mr. Winthrop! Is it possible?"

"Why not?"

"I was not aware that you knew Jessie. She is a good little thing! I am so glad that you came! I had resigned myself to be stupid!"

"Thank you."

"For what? Because Nature gave you a voice to read and hands to act as silk-reels. That is what I like you for. Will you come in the drawing-room? It is quiet there. The other ladies haven't completed that great thing, their toilet, yet. You shall read to me, or talk—if you have any thing to say."

Thus far Jessie had heard involuntarily; and as she stood motionless from surprise she could not but see that Miss Lennox's slender fingers still rested in Winthrop's hand, and that before his steady look the color came singing in her clear brown cheeks, and her long black lashes fell with a hasty downward sweep; and seeing that she moved quickly away from the window—happy face below zero, fast-beating heart still with indignation.

Did men love the thing Beauty simply wherever found; or had they individual preferences, as she had supposed? Did this man—for now, in her anger, she spoke out plainly to herself—did he, by the look and caress that she had thought her own, and stored up for future thought as her own special and peculiar treasure, mean simply, "You have soft eyes and lovely hair; I admire them as I do all that is beautiful, and here is my seal of approval; and you have stately neck and pouting lips. I approve of you also; and so on through the gamut?" Did the honor on which she had leaned with such unshaken faith; the steady tones, truthful to her ear in their very modulation, live, after all, simply in her dream?

Why she too loved a stately form, a handsome presence; yet had she stood with Pierre M‘Clane as she had done with Jack a moment since, she would have held herself profaned! Whence, or from whom, had men received this birthright of justifiable falsehood, allowable perfidy? she asked herself, cold and sick at heart.

Music sounded below, and people crowded to the drawing-room, as they always do, contradiction only knows why, as no one ever listens. The dowagers chatted on sofas and in easy-chairs; the girls giggled inanely in the bow-windows—for was there not a cause? Two or three young men not apropos to this story or worth particularizing, but rejoiced the hearts of these damsels! Meanwhile Miss Lennox played on unconcernedly, her white fingers doing sparkling impossibilities among the keys, while she talked *sotto voce* with Mr. Winthrop leaning over the piano, occasionally breaking off to chant a verse of some ballad or a wild refrain, with a bird-like caprice not unbecoming.

A faint odor of violets clung about her dress; in the black coils of her hair nestled heliotrope and a geranium, half white, half scarlet; and the elfish music and the vague flower-scents seemed to Jack in some odd way reflections of each other, and both a part of the atmosphere surrounding her and him. She talked of nights faint with jasmine, and water half in shadow half in white moonlight, making the keys echo her in their own way, and he listened. So did Ulysses to the Siren once, but then Ulysses tied himself fast.

Pierre M‘Clane looked on critically. He had played at the game himself, and with Miss Lennox. Meanwhile his hands were busy with the violets in a little fluted shell, pulling them in pieces as he looked, and strewing them on the marble slab.

"What have my flowers done to you that you should treat them so, poor things?" asked a voice close beside him.

A sudden, indescribable something, like a ray, or perhaps more properly a shadow, came upon M‘Clane's face, rested an instant, and was gone. Then he turned quietly.

"Done to me, Miss Auchester? Pleased me. It is the way of the world."

"Need it be yours?"

"That depends," he answered, with a curious intonation. "Some men have guardian-angels. I can not tell what one might make of me; and talking of guardians, suggests your brother."

"Romaine?"

"Yes. He is off for Washington. I met him at the dépôt. He has taken unto himself a boat, and I am to tell you that you will find it here."

"Then there is just time for a row before coffee, and you will get the people together and into the boat, won't you, Mr. M‘Clane? You have a talent that way. Tell them to make ready at once."

But though her tone was clear and even joyous her face was shaded, anxious, almost stern, as she stood where Pierre had left her, looking at the violets with an absent air.

Mr. Winthrop came up to her.

"Are you not going? Let me get your shawl."

"I shall wear none."

"This is spring, not summer."

Jessie raised her eyes to his face with a look that puzzled him. It is a pity that looks have no dictionary, for what she meant was this: "I have no one in whom to trust. My brother, a guardian but in name, is my chief torment and anxiety. My burden is heavier than I can bear; and you have failed me, and now come to tease me about a shawl."

He unfortunately translated it willfulness, perversity.

"Suicide is a sin," was his comment.

She answered with a hasty downward move of the hand, and catching up her nube wound it once about her head, looking at him defiantly the while. At that he paled a little and went away. Then this consistent child repented and wished that she had been good, till she saw him fasten the lace of Miss Lennox's boot! At that she untwisted the end of the nube from about her throat and suffered it to hang loose over her shoulder; but on getting into the boat the evening breeze struck her, and spite of herself she shuddered.

"Let me get your shawl," said Pierre, anxiously.

"No, it is here," answered Jack's voice, as he quietly wrapped it about her shoulders, whispering at the same time,

"Take what revenge you like, only let it be one that will not react upon yourself."

To resist would have been a scene; to take it off against reason; so Jessie sat still, crimson to the temples, and conquered.

"Mr. Winthrop is irresistible," said Pierre, meaningly.

"Superior force is apt to be," retorted Jessie.

Jack heard and darted a look of keen reproach. Miss Lennox heard also, and smiled to herself as, trailing her fingers through the dark water, she began to sing.

The waves murmured as if in answer. The lights reflected from the banks seemed striking upward like so much radiance streaming out from coral palaces below. The boat came out into the middle stream, just commencing to sparkle in the moonlight, and the rowers leaving her to the guidance of the current, they went drifting on as if straight into a golden paradise. Pierre M‘Clane sat with folded arms looking gloomily off at the dark shore line.

"If it could be always so," he muttered.

"What?" asked Jessie.

"Life; if we could drift through it as we are now."

"Drifting *per se* is monotonous. It is the rest from turmoil that is pleasant."

"Is there any peace in ever climbing up the climbing wave? But you have not come yet to weariness of life."

"Why should I? I can not think such weariness a necessary condition of life, but rather a consequence of a self misunderstood, energies misdirected."

"What of hopes disappointed? The purpose of ears blasted?"

"I know nothing of that!"

"Strange! I thought that it was your hand that had dealt the blow."

"I never could interpret mysteries."

"I will explain."

"No, it matters nothing to me."

"It is too late to say that; and declare as you will that it matters nothing, sooner or later you will find that it does concern you," answered M‘Clane, with sudden fire.

Jessie was possessed of some small spirit, and it rose on this occasion.

"Mr. M‘Clane," she answered, coolly, "between mere drawing-room acquaintances so much energy is quite superfluous;" and then she dropped him out of her notice as if he had not been.

Pierre bore it patiently, expecting his revenge on the way home, but Jessie divined his thought, and slipping past him as the boat grazed the beach ran breathlessly up the shadowed walk; and so it happened that she ran plump into the arms of a gentleman—fortunately an old gentleman, and of a grave appearance.

"Mr. Rempson," she cried, giving him both hands. "At last, then, you are going to be good, and give yourself a vacation?"

Mr. Rempson kissed the little hands, and looked into the fresh upturned face with pity, if that had been possible.

"My dear little girl, I came on business."

"Business: hush, the roses are budding, and you will scare them back. Come and get a cup of coffee," audaciously pulling him after her at Redowa pace into the supper-room. "Sit there: no, not a word; this evil demon of care shall be cast out of you. Here is your coffee, made as you like it, and this is cream, and I can recommend these rolls."

As she chattered she was trying to lift a candelabrum from the mantle: a massive branching thing, too weighty for white fingers and slender wrists. She uttered a little exclamation, but Mr. Rempson being abstracted heard her not. Then,

"Superior force is not always so undesirable," said some one, as the candelabrum was taken from her failing grasp and placed upon the table. Jessie turned quickly and slipped her hand through Mr. Winthrop's arm.

"Oh, Jack, forgive me! I have been so sorry, so ashamed." (N.B. He had not spoken once to Miss Lennox in the boat.)

"There was no need."

"It was mean, shameful to say that; but I was vexed—"

"At what?"

"The people are coming in. Let me go. I want to give Mr. M'Clane some coffee. He looks wolfish."

"Why were you vexed?"

"How can I tell? I am always perverse with you; I don't know why. Let me go."

She slipped from him laughing, and went as she had said to Mr. M'Clane, carrying him a little cup about as large as a nut-shell, and quaintly gilded.

"Let us have peace," she said, offering it to him.

Pierre surveyed her in astonishment. Her color had not risen, but the pure opaque white of her complexion seemed to dazzle and glow. Her eyes had deepened into the blue that you sometimes find on a pansy leaf, and overflowed with a light soft and subtle.

"Do you know the meaning of the Scotch word fay?" he asked, abruptly, and with a curious glance at Mr. Rempson.

"Yes; but I am not that. I am happy. I have come not to life's weariness, but its enchantment. I realize now that I am immortal."

"Here is the book," struck in Julia M'Clane's voice, who had been disputing near them. "Now listen," and she read out:

"'I only know my mother's love,
Which gives all and asks nothing,
And this new loving sets the groove
Too much the way of loathing.'

Now explain the last two lines somebody," went on the fair Julia. "Mr. Walton insists that the meaning is obvious. I confess that I do not understand them."

"Still it is very simple," answered Pierre. "She refers to the perversity that is a marked symptom of the grand passion."

Then some subtle magnetism impelled Jessie to lift her eyes to those of Mr. Winthrop's, which were fixed meaningly on her face, and the words lightly spoken a few moments before came burning into her memory—"I am always perverse with you." Past all doubt the significance of his smile, and past doubt also the answer of her crimson cheeks. She gave the cup hastily to Pierre, and darted into the dim fragrant hall, cool and rustling with the night breeze. The library door was open, the library itself deserted, lighted only by a single jet of flame burning low in its globe, and a cheery fire of logs kept to expel the damps. Sitting down by the broad hearth she listened as in a dream to the murmur of voices and the tinkle of china and silver going on in the drawing-room.

A step sounded on the walk just without the window; the vines about it rustled; some one came behind her chair, and a hand rested lightly on her bowed head. Mr. Winthrop had followed her, and now evasion, coldness, would be of no avail; her girl's artifices would serve her no further; but it has occurred to great generals to wrest victory from the moment of defeat itself, and so it happened to Jessie. Turning, flushed, trembling, reluctant, she spied an end of velvet ribbon dangling from his pocket. In an instant she had seized it.

"Why, this is mine."

"Speak more accurately. It was yours; it is mine now."

"By what right?"

"That of discovery."

"I shall dispute it, and, pending the suit, it shall remain in my possession."

"Perverse again."

At that word she grew scarlet, and, snatching the ribbon, flung it into the fire. Jack made a hasty move to arrest her; failing in that, thrust his hand into the flame, brought out the velvet blazing, crushed it in his palm, and bestowed the charred remnant in his pocket, and sat down quietly.

Stricken with remorse, Jessie dropped on her knees beside his chair.

"Oh, Jack! I would have given you twenty ribbons. Let me see your hand."

"No; it is nothing," he answered, coldly, and looking away from her.

"But I will see it," using her taper fingers as a lever. "How can you be so unkind? If you want revenge, take a nobler."

At that he showed her his fingers and palm, both blistered.

Jessie exclaimed, and, catching the poor hand in hers, pressed it against her lips. Then, utterly appalled and shame-stricken, tried to escape; but as well try to wield Thor's hammer. He held her fast; he drew her toward him; looked close into her eyes; opened his lips as if about to speak; suddenly released her—steps and voices were echoing in the hall, coming that way; and, only too glad to escape, Jessie fled by way of the garden.

A little after came the housekeeper with a china box and a bundle of linen for Mr. Winthrop's hand. Jack wrote a hasty line and sent it back to Jessie, wrapped about the box.

"I will use no other remedy than the one already applied. If that fails, the hand deserves to wither," said the note, that Jessie made a feint of throwing aside, and, when no one was looking, slipped into her bosom.

There she saw it in the morning. "Saucy thing!" she said, pouting her lips at it; and then kissed it in a hurry, as if she had injured it, and blushed at herself for so doing in the glass, as she stood before it rolling back her hair. For some reason her mood was gracious as the morning: she gave her maid the lawn long desired by that young person. She bethought herself with remorse of Mr. Rempson.

"I was not civil to the good old gentleman. He spoke of business, and I did not even ask him what it was;" and she went down stairs humming "Il Bacio," and making virtuous resolutions.

There were people below already. Mr. Rempson, pacing up and down; Miss Lennox, in a braided Figaro jacket, and wearing a detestable air of having had a *tête-à-tête* with somebody; Jack, sitting near the window, holding Nell, Jessie's little sister, on his knee, and telling a story that progressed after this fashion:

"There came a locust and took out a grain of corn, and another locust came and took out another grain of corn, and another locust came and—"

Here Nell grew restive.

"Oh, that is nothing," said Jack, composedly. "This story lasts a year: you wanted a long one, you know. There came another locust and took out another grain—"

The words were cut short by two little perfumed hands clasped over his mouth—Sallie Lennox this time, crying, "Yield yourself prisoner, rescue or no rescue."

He looked toward Jessie.

"Help me!" but she turned coldly away.

"You can defend yourself."

"What?" he asked, following her, and speaking low—"wounded as I am?"

As he spoke he held up his hand. Jessie glanced at it shyly, but did not look up in his face; indeed she had carefully avoided his eyes that morning.

"Look at me," he urged.

"Why?"

"It is civil to look at people with whom you are talking."

"I am not talking with you. You are talking at me."

"Admirable distinction!"

At that moment Mr. Rempson took a turn near them. Jessie ran to him and fastened on his arm.

"Mr. Rempson, we have half an hour before breakfast. Will you come and talk business now?"

They went out into the rose-walk together.

"On mornings like this I like to live," said Jessie, when looking up at her old friend. She saw his eyes glisten as through tears.

Men have hobbies, boys projects. Men ride their hobbies, but projects treat boys as the Old Man of the Sea did Sinbad; so Harry awoke on this eventful morning project-ridden, and carried it dutifully into the breakfast-room, where the people were assembled, and Jessie should have been, but was not. Now Jessie breakfasted after a fashion of her own, and made her guests at Olympus do as Olympians do. Coffee and meats were served from the sideboard, but on the table were only baskets of violets, great dishes of fruit, and cream pitchers, and sugar baskets, stumpy, solid, and silver. More than that, the glass doors opened directly on the rose-walk, lined with roses, twining about trees, drooping from trellises, creeping through the grass, and exhaling sweetness.

So three senses were gratified at a time, and so it happened that the whole company saw Jessie coming back with Mr. Rempson, walking slowly and strangely pale; all but Harry. He saw his project, and the white sweep of Jessie's skirt, and sprang at her.

"I say, Sis, hurry with your breakfast. I want you to come and look at a horse that Dan— Hallo! What's the matter now?"

"Don't bother," said Nell, with dignity. "Can't you see that she is faint?"

"No, only I should have eaten before walking," murmured Jessie, growing paler yet.

"Oh, that is all! Won't you hurry then, like a good girl? That horse is jolly, and Dick Farleigh talked of—"

"Harry, do choose your subject for the breakfast-table," remonstrated Nell.

Miss Lennox put up her glass.

"Oh, Nellie! I thought that it was her grandmother."

"With these?" asked Jack, stroking her brown curls.

The child drew back.

"Excuse me, Mr. Winthrop, but it takes my maid so long to arrange them."

"Problem," quoth Miss Lennox. "Our maid at ten years! how many will be required at twenty?"

"Certainly it is unusual," returned Nellie, solemnly; "but I am so nervous, Miss Lennox, I can't even lace my own boots."

Jessie's pale face crimsoned.

"Don't laugh at her. The child has no mother, and I am so young, and I fear I have mismanaged."

"An Auchester confessing to any thing but the family pedigree," whispered Miss Lennox in Winthrop's ear. "What next?"

Jack looked grave. He was regretting certain opportunities which had slipped through his fingers, and trying to make one for himself, bungled at it and failed. You see Destiny knows how to arrange the circumstances—we don't; and let what might depend on ten minutes' speech with Jessie it was denied him. She went from the breakfast-table straight to her room, and came down in a traveling dress. Pierre met her at the door.

"You are going to town. My horses are ready. Shall I have the pleasure of driving you to the dépôt?"

Nothing was left Mr. Winthrop but to look dismally after them. Seeing that, Miss Lennox danced up to him saucily, quoting,

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover,
Prythee why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?"

Jack made some absurd answer, and rushed off after Mr. Rempson, and Miss Lennox went and pouted over her crochet work in the drawing-room.

Meanwhile Pierre and Jessie drove out in utter silence through the great iron gates that clanged sullenly after them, through dewy lanes, out from shadow to sunshine and back again, till, on a sudden, Jessie felt her hand softly pressed.

"I am very sorry for you, child," he said, with a gentleness strange in him.

"You know then?"

"I knew months ago that Romaine was going to the devil. I was sure that his visit to Washington was a flight, and I had seen Mr. Rempson before he came down. To tell the truth, that is what brought me here."

"I do not understand."

"I will explain, as I promised last night. Hitherto I have preferred a 'No' in anticipation to the curt monosyllable as a positive recollection; but now that Fortune has turned her wheel so sharply, our fortunes, thrown together in her kaleidoscope, take a new coloring."

"I see. You think that poverty will make me practical. That I shall remember your millions now. For shame! That is not like a M'Clane."

"Jessie, you would not sell yourself; but it is not yourself of whom we are talking. You are to think of Hal and Nellie—to decide their fate. You can not now marry Winthrop."

"Mr. M'Clane!"

"I know, but this is a crisis, and in crises people call things by their names. Jack thinks as I do, that sans fortune, and with two incumbrances, the best man is but half worthy of you. But you have kept him at least in doubt hitherto; now in the winter of your fortune you can hardly accept him with self-respect."

"I do not think of marriage as a resource," answered Jessie, sharply. "I can support myself."

"And Nellie's maid, and Hal's horse?"

"Poverty will discipline them as I should have done."

"Your pardon; poverty will discipline you, not Nellie. She is a true Auchester; pride and frivolity equal parts. As for Hal, the discipline of poverty is a fine expression bowling easily over this sunny road, but the discipline of being thrown over by one's friends, and wearing last year's clothes through back streets, is hardly ennobling."

Jessie sighed heavily.

"Poor child," he said, "do you think me brutal? I could have said to you, only that I know that your pride would not let you hear it, that Rosehill is yours, a free gift; but since that can not be, let me help you in the only way you leave me. I have no need of saying how I love you, or of declaring that I should hold myself honored and fortunate as your husband. You and you only can make my home, and you would love me, Jessie; sooner or later you must, you are so precious to me. For Nellie's sake, for Harry's, consent."

"I can not do evil that good may come," she answered, sadly.

"That is high-flown nonsense. I am talking common sense," he returned, hotly. "Take time for cool thought. Where are you going first?"

"To see Mrs. Hollister."

"Your aunt; that is right. She is a woman of sense. Advise with her, and remember I do not think myself answered."

He raised the passive hand to his lips and kissed it before he drove away. Jessie endured it, scarcely thinking of it. She could not marry Jack, as he had said. Only yesterday had she shown him what was in her heart, and he might think that she knew even then of the downfall of her fortune. It was too late now.

Mrs. Hollister was taking her coffee in bed, and sent for her niece to come to her room. Jessie obeyed, taking there a face so pale and wan that even in the half light the keen old eyes descried the change and demanded the cause. Then out came the miserable story. Romaine fled, the estate swamped with his debts, Rosehill to be sold, Jessie, Hal, Nellie, all left beggars. Mrs. Hollister from sipping coffee came to stirring, from stirring to indignant speech.

"Romaine deserves hanging," she said, sharply.

"But that is not all. And then—" Jessie stopped and blushed.

"Well?"

Jessie recounted the talk with Pierre, omitting only the part that bore on Jack. Mrs. Hollister put down her coffee-cup.

"My dear child, I congratulate you," she said, energetically. "Rosehill for Elm Grove is an excellent exchange, and, of course, he will buy it in. He will like to keep the old house in the family."

"But, aunt, I did not mean that."

"What then? Not that you hesitate! You are possessed, I think, of the ordinary amount of sense, and when you receive an offer from four millions, I should like to know what there is left you to do but to thank Heaven on your knees for the chance. Why they keep up almost regal state among themselves. The M'Clane girls go to bed like the ogresses in the fairy tale, with gold crowns on their heads."

"I prefer a night-cap, and to support myself."

"Starve, you mean, while you are waiting for pupils or employment to drop from fairy-land! Think of those poor children left in your charge by a dying mother. Why, acceptance is a plain and positive duty."

Lenten comfort that, but Jessie found none other to take with her back in the dusty, crowded car. It was twilight, close on the dark; no one knew her, no one cared for her. She could cry here, quietly, and as long as she pleased. Some one took the seat beside her, but she did not even raise her head till a hand touched her shoulder. Then she turned and saw Mr. Winthrop.

"Oh, Jack! I am so glad," she burst out, and stopped short. In the name of consistency how was her gladness to be explained?

"I am glad also," he answered. "I have waited and watched here for you all day, my poor stray lamb!"

Here his voice trembled a little, and he drew her toward him, and held her in his strong arm as in a sure haven.

"I am selfish enough to be glad that Rosehill is to go," he went on, after a pause. "You are so immeasurably above my deserts as it is, and I fear that the Auchester pride and place would have weighed on me like a nightmare. It is better too for the children."

"But Jack—"

"Well?"

"I was afraid that you would think—"

"Well?"

"That I didn't love you before this misfortune."

"Why, you silly child! I have known all winter that you loved me."

"Oh!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN AFFECTING DEFINITION.

Precocious Child. "Papa, what is humbug?"

Parent (*with a deep-drawn sigh*). "It is, my dear, when your mamma pretends to be very fond of me and puts no buttons on my shirt."

"We were all children once, my dears." "La, ma! then who took care of the babies?"

"Mamma," said a little girl, pointing to the telegraph wires, "how do they send messages by those bits of wire, without tearing them to pieces?" "They send them in a fluid state, my dear," was the reply.

Somebody says that the oddest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

John Kemble had the honor of giving the Prince of Wales some lessons in elocution. According to the vitiated pronunciation of the day, the Prince, instead of saying "oblige," would say "obleege," upon which Kemble, with much disgust depicted upon his countenance, said, "Sir, may I beseech your Royal Highness to open your Royal jaws, and say 'oblige?'"

ORDINARY PRECAUTIONS.

Never on a journey be without something in your pockets, even if it's only your hands.

Before you imperil yourself consider—

1st. If a family man, what your wife would say? This would almost necessitate taking a cab and going home at once to see her upon the subject.

2d. Whether assisting the sufferers may not result in personal inconvenience to yourself; as, for instance, being at some future time called in as a witness.

3d. That your motives might be misconstrued by any policeman who might chance to see you.

4th. The influence of natural modesty. Consider that there are so many people much better qualified to be of service in such an accident than yourself.

5th. That you are not a medical man: or if you are, that there are a great number of the same profession far more experienced in these cases than yourself.

6th. That if the subject of the accident be a stranger to you, he or she might look upon your interference in the light of a "confounded liberty." Never push yourself forward.

7th. If the person is insensible and can not speak, how do you know that he or she doesn't like the position?

8th. That it's just dinner-time and you must go home or else you'd have been most happy, etc., etc.

9th. That it's no business of yours.

There are many other considerations, but these are certainly among the chief. Avoid sentimentalism.

When the weather threatens rain walk into a club and select an umbrella.

Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, except in the case of a hole in your coat. If you tell your tailor that it must be done to-day, it's very evident that you'll have to put it off till to-morrow.

Always have a good dinner and plenty of money.

"You are a good one to go first," as the bristle said to the cobbler's awl.

What medicine are we reminded of by a man beating his wife? Elixir (he licks her).

A contemporary finds fault with the practice of putting Latin inscriptions on tombstones. But what more appropriate place than a grave-yard can there be for a dead language?

A comedian, in Bath, by way of puff for his benefit, publishes these lines:

Dear public, you and I, of late
Have dealt so much in fun,
I'll crack you now a monstrous great,
Quadruplicated pun!
Like a *grate full* of coals I'll glow
A *great full* house to see;
And if I am not *grateful*, too,
A *great fool* I must be.

A wag, upon visiting a medical museum, was shown some dwarfs, and other specimens of mortality, all preserved in alcohol. "Well," said he, "I never thought the dead could be in such spirits."

The experience of many a life—"What a fool I have been!" The experience of many a wife—"What a fool I've got!"

The other day a father, remonstrating with his boy upon his lying in bed, said that the sun had been up these three hours. "That's no great wonder, father," replied the son; "if I had as many miles to travel today as the sun has, I would have risen as soon as he."

The following certificate of a marriage was found among an old lady's writings: "This is to certify whom it may concern, that Arthur Waters and Amy Yurtle were lawfully married by me, John Higginson, on the first day of August, anno 1703.

I, Arthur, on Monday,
Take thee, Amy, till Tuesday,
To have and to hold till Wednesday,
For better for worse till Thursday.
I'll kiss thee on Friday;
If we don't agree on Saturday,
We'll part again on Sunday."

A stranger, on taking his seat lately in the pit of a theatre, accosted a gentleman who sat near him, "Pray, Sir, have you a bill?" when, to the stranger's amazement, the gentleman, starting from the reverie in which he had been plunged, exclaimed, "No, Sir; but I shall have two next week, and both unprovided for."

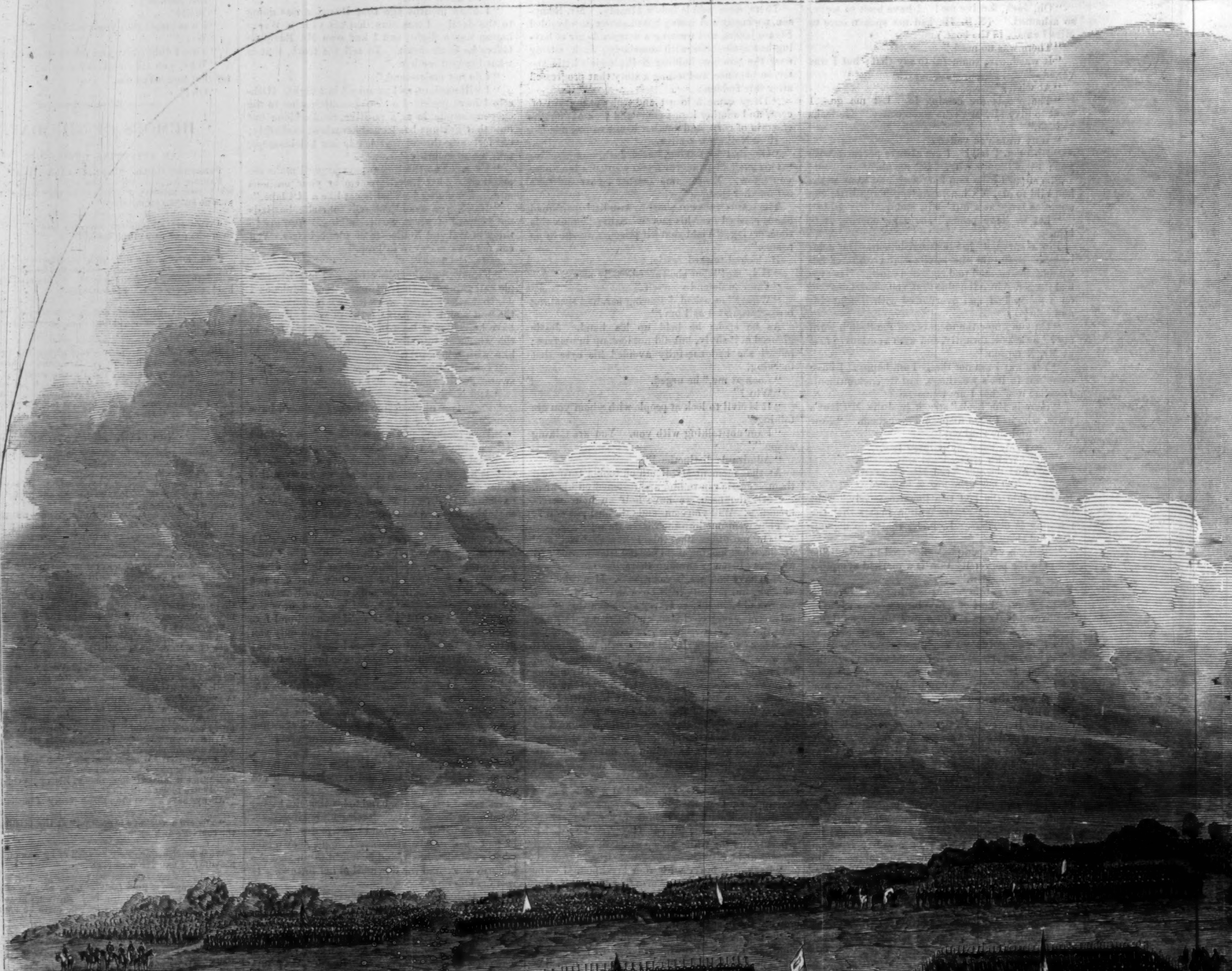
"Hello, Jack! I thought you were off in the train this morning?" "Well, I'll tell you, Jim; there are two or three reasons why I didn't go. In the first place, d'ye see, I got left—" "Oh, never mind! That'll do. You needn't give the other reasons."

"Class in the middle of Geography, stand up," said a schoolmaster. "What is a pyramid?" he asked. "A pile of men in a circus, one on top of the other." "Where's Egypt?" "Where it always was." "Where's Wales?" "All over the sea." "Very well," said the schoolmaster, "stay there till I show you a species of birch that grows all over this country."

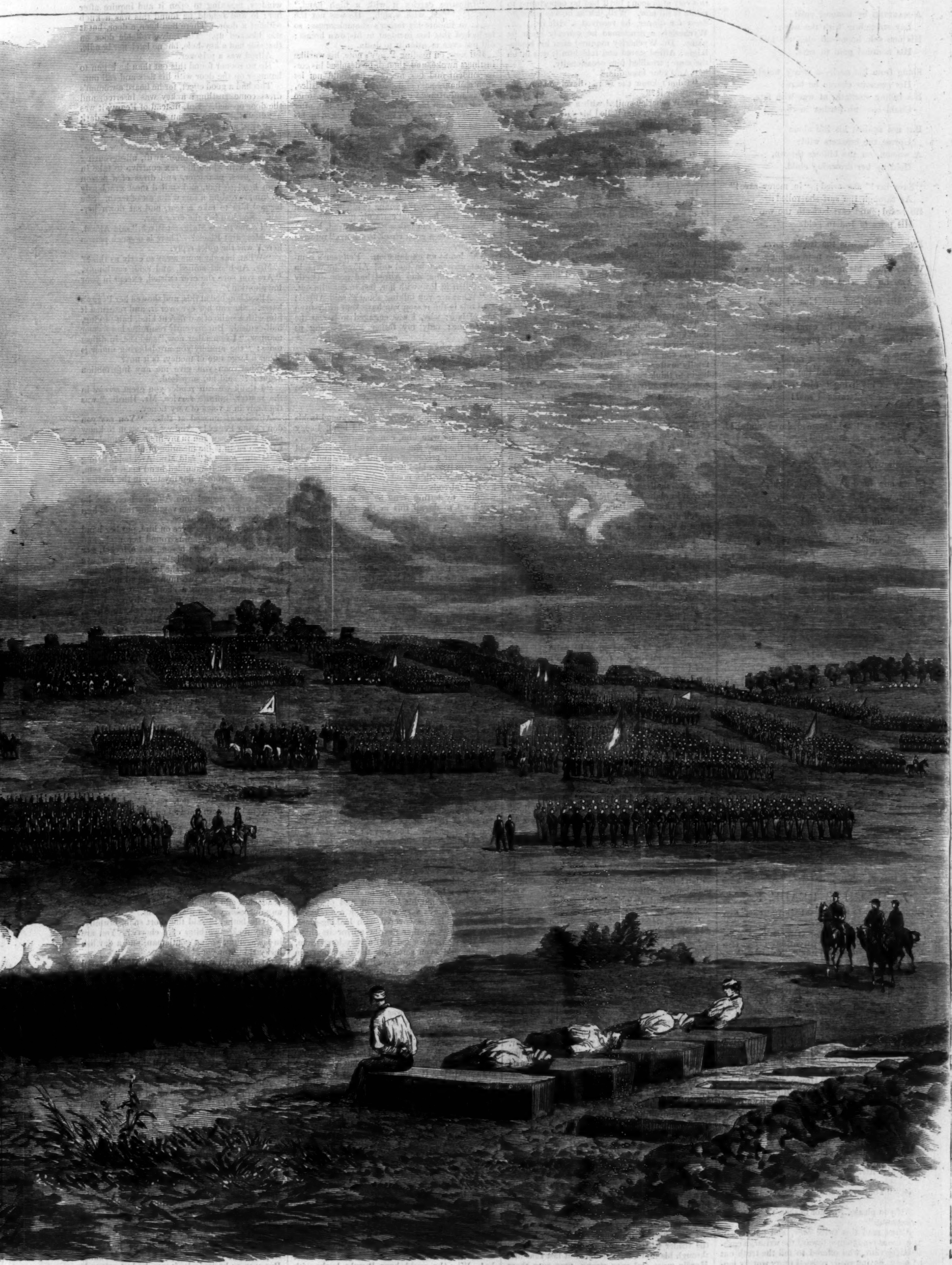
Mrs. Partington says, that Ike, who has just returned from France, "speaks French like a Parishioner."

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he's handling the rod.

A young lady says that "if a cart-wheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have one."



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—EXECUTION OF FIVE DESERTERS



ERS IN THE FIFTH CORPS.—Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.—[See Page 622.]

TWO SEAS.

I.

A MARINER by tempest crost
 Lay struggling with the wave;
His one sole hope—all else was lost—
 His hoarded gold to save.

Slung from his neck—a weary weight—
 His precious charge he bore;
His failing strength, at war with fate,
 Could bear no feather more.

But not against his life alone
 Uprose the breakers wild;
A woman, on the billows thrown,
 Held up her drowning child.

"Save her!" she cried; "in mercy save!"
 As through the surf she rolled:
He heard; and cast beneath the wave
 His prize of Indian gold.

Fearless he breasts the tropic storm
 With limbs by love new strung,
While round his neck, all soft and warm,
 Two infant arms are flung.

He hails the land—the blessèd land!
 He drinks its spicy air;
He strains to reach its coral strand,
 He greets it with a prayer.

Vainly the angry tempest raved,
 His feet have touched the goal;
And, with his living burden saved,
 He stands—a rescued soul!

II.

The child has lived, bloomed, loved, and died.
 Alone the old man lies:
Another sea, of stiller tide,
 Steals o'er his closing eyes.

Glows now for him no tropic light,
 But, where life's waters freeze,
The glory of the Polar night—
 The calm of Arctic seas!

His hard-earned gold beneath the deep
 Lies hid; but where is she,
His God-gift, whom the star-worlds keep,
 His daughter of the sea?

Where cloud-waves foam the rippled skies,
 Touched by the golden day,
An angel form in angel guise
 Floats up the liquid way.

He follows, hushed in rapt delight,
 Of dread and death beguiled,
She, swimming slow with pinions bright,
 He, clinging like a child.

The dross of earth is cast away;
 She leads him by the hand.
Through heaven's blue sea her white wings play:
 He nears the happy land.

She parts the wave that beats him back;
 He breasts life's surge no more:
His feet, upon an angel's track,
 Have touched the immortal shore.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

BY CHARLES READE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE note Alfred Hardie received on the 10th of April was from Peggy Black. The letters were well formed, for she had been educated at the national school; but the style was not upon a par.

"Mr. Alfred, Sir,—Margaret Black sends her respects, and if you want to know the truth about the money, I can tell you all, and where it is at this present time. Sir, I am now in situation at Silverton Grove House, about a furlong from the station; and, if you will be so good to call there and ask for Margaret, I will tell you where it is, which I mean the £14,000; for it is a sin the young lady should be beguiled of her own. Only you must please come this evening, or else to-morrow before ten o'clock, by reason my mistress and me we are going up to London that day early, and she talk of taking me abroad along with her.

"I remain, Sir,
"Yours respectfully to command,
"MARGARET BLACK.

"If you please, Sir, not to show this letter on no account."

Alfred read this twice over, and felt a contemptuous repugnance toward the writer, a cashiered servant, who offered to tell the truth out of spite, having easily resisted every worthy motive. Indeed, I think he would have perhaps dismissed the subject into the fire, but for a strange circumstance that had occurred to him this very afternoon; but I had no opportunity to relate it till now. Well, just as he was going to dress for dinner, he received a visit from Dr. Wycherley, a gentleman he scarcely knew by name. Dr. Wycherley inquired after his kephalalgia; Alfred stared and told him it was much the same; troubled him occasionally.

"And your insomnia."

"I don't know the word: have you any authority for it?"

Dr. Wycherley smiled with a sort of benevolent superiority, that galled his patient, and proceeded to inquire after his nightly visions and voices. But at this Alfred looked grave as well as surprised and vexed. He was on his guard now, and asked himself seriously what was the meaning of all this, and could his father have been so mad as to talk over his own shame with this stranger: he made no reply whatever.

Dr. Wycherley's curiosity was not of a very ardent kind: for he was one of those who first form an opinion, and then collect the materials of one: and a very little fact goes a long way with such minds. So, when he got no answer about the nocturnal visions and voices, he glided calmly on to another matter. "By-the-by, that £14,000!"

Alfred started; and then eyed him keenly: "What £14,000?"

"The fabulous sum you labor under the impression of your father having been guilty of clandestinely appropriating."

This was too much for Alfred's patience: "I don't know who you are, Sir," said he; "I never exchanged but three words in my life with you, and do you suppose I will talk to a stranger on family matters of so delicate a kind as this? I begin to think you have intruded yourself on me simply to gratify an impertinent curiosity."

"The hypothesis is at variance with my established character," replied the oleaginous one. "Do me the justice to believe in the necessity of this investigation, and that it is one of a most friendly character."

"Then I decline the double nuisance: your curiosity and your friendship! take them both out of my room, Sir, or I shall turn them both out by one pair of shoulders."

"You shall smart for this," said the doctor, driven to plain English by anger, that great solvent of circumlocution with which Nature has mercifully supplied us; he made to the door, opened it, and said in considerable excitement to some one outside, "Excited!—Very!"

Now Dr. Pleonast had no sooner been converted to the vernacular, and disappeared, than another stranger entered the room: he had evidently been lurking in the passage: it was a man of smallish stature, singularly gaunt, angular, and haggard, but dressed in a spruce suit of black, tight, new, and glossy. In short, he looked like Romeo's apothecary gone to Stultz with the money. He fluttered in with pale cheek and apprehensive body, saying hurriedly, "Now, my *dear* Sir, *be* calm: *pray* be calm: I have come down all the way from London to see you, and I am *sure* you won't make me lose my journey; will you now?"

"And pray who asked you to come all the way from London, Sir?"

"A person to whom your health is very dear."

"Oh indeed; so I have secret friends, have I? Well, you may tell my secret, underhand *friends*, I never was better in my life."

"I am truly glad to hear it," said the little man: "let me introduce myself, as Dr. Wycherley forgot to do it." And he handed Alfred a card on which his name and profession were written.

"Well, Mr. Speers," said Alfred, "I have only a moment to give you, for I must dress for dinner. What do you want?"

"I come, Sir, in hopes of convincing your friends you are not so very ill; not incurable. Why your eye is steady, your complexion good; a little high with the excitement of this conversation; but, if we can only get over this little delusion, all will be well."

"What little delusion?"

"About the £14,000, you know."

"What £14,000? I have not mentioned £14,000 to you, have I?"

"No, Sir: you seem to shun it like poison; that is the worst of it; you talk about it to others fast enough; but to Dr. Wycherley and myself, who could cure you of it, you would hide all about it, if you could."

At this Alfred rose and put his hands in his pockets, and looked down grimly on his inquisitor. "Mr. Speers," said he, "you had better go. There is no credit to be gained by throwing so small an apothecary as you out of that window; and *you* won't find it pleasant either; for, if you provoke me to it, I shall not stand upon ceremony; I sha'n't open the window first, as I should for Dr. What's his confounded name."

At these suggestive words, spoken with suppressed ire and flashing eyes, Speers scuttled to the door crabwise, holding the young lion in check, conventionally; to wit, with an eye as valiant as a sheep's; and a joyful apothecary was he when he found himself safe outside the house and beside Dr. Wycherley, who was waiting for him.

Alfred soon cooled, and began to laugh at his own anger and the unbounded impudence of his visitors; but, on the other hand, it struck him as a grave circumstance that so able a man as his father should stir muddy water; should go and talk to these strangers about the money he had misappropriated. He puzzled himself all the time he was dressing: and not to trouble the reader with all the conjectures that passed through his mind, he concluded at last that Mr. Hardie must feel very strong, very sure there was no evidence against him but his son's, or he would not take the eighth commandment by the horns like this.

"Injustice carries it with a high hand," thought Alfred, with a sigh. He was not the youth to imitate his father's shamelessness: so he locked this last incident in his own breast; did not even mention it to Julia.

But now, on reading Peggy's note, his warlike instincts awoke, and, though he despised his correspondent and her motives, he could not let such a chance pass of defeating brazen injustice. It was unfortunate and awkward to have to go to Silverton on his wedding morning; but, after all, there was plenty of time. He packed up his things at once for the wedding tour, and in the morning took them with him in the fly to Silverton: his plan was to come back direct to Albion Villa: so he went to Silverton Grove full dressed, all ready for the wedding.

As it happened he overtook his friend Peterson just outside the town, called to him gayly, and invited him to church and breakfast.

To his surprise the young gentleman replied sullenly that he should certainly not come.

"Not come, old fellow?" said Alfred, hurt.

"You have a good cheek to ask me," retorted the other.

This led to an explanation. Peterson's complaint was that he had told Alfred he was in love with Julia, and Alfred had gone directly and fallen in love with her, just to cut him out.

"What are you talking about?" said Alfred: "so this is the reason you have kept away from me of late: why, I was engaged to her at the very time; only my father was keeping us apart."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

"Because my love is not of the prattling sort."

"Oh, nonsense; I don't believe a word of it."

"You don't believe my word! Did you ever know me tell a lie? At that rate think what you please, Sir: drive on, Strabo."

And so ended that little friendship.

On the road our ardent youth arranged in his head a noble scheme. He would bring Peggy Black home with him, compensating her liberally for the place she would thereby lose: would confront her privately with his father, and convince him it was his interest to restore the Dodds their money with a good grace, take the £5000 he had already offered, and countenance the wedding by letting Jane be present at it. It was hard to do all this in the time, but well worth trying for, and not impossible; a two-horse fly is not a slow conveyance, and he offered the man a guinea to drive fast; so that it was not nine o'clock when they reached Silverton Grove House, a place Alfred had never heard of; this, however, I may observe, was no wonder: for it had not borne that name a twelvemonth.

It was a large square mansion of red brick, with stone facings and corners, and with balustrades that hid the garret windows. It stood in its own grounds, and the entrance was through handsome iron gates, one of which was wide open to admit people on foot or horseback. The flyman got down and tried to open the other, but could not manage it. "There, don't waste time," said Alfred, impatiently, "let me out."

He found a notice under the bell, "Ring and enter." He rang accordingly, and at the clang the hall-door opened, as if he had pulled a porter along with the bell; and a gray-haired servant out of livery stood on the steps to receive him. Alfred hurried across the plot, which was trimmed as neatly as a college green, and asked the servant if he could see Margaret Black.

"Margaret Black?" said the man, doubtfully: "I'll inquire, Sir. Please to follow me."

They entered a handsome hall, with antlers and armor: from this a double staircase led up to a landing with folding-doors in the centre of it; one of these doors was wide open like the iron gate outside. The servant showed Alfred up the left-hand staircase, through the open door, into a spacious drawing-room, handsomely though not gayly furnished and decorated; but a little darkened by Venetian blinds.

The old servant walked gravely on, and on, till Alfred began to think he would butt the wall; but he put his hand out and opened a door, that might very well escape a stranger's notice; for it was covered with looking-glass, and matched another narrow mirror in shape and size: this door led into a very long room, as plain and even sordid as the drawing-room was inviting; the unpapered walls were a cold drab, and wanted washing; there was a thick cobweb up in one corner, and from the ceiling hung the tail of another, which the housemaid's broom had scotched not killed: that side of the room they entered by was all books. The servant said, "Stay here a moment, Sir, and I'll send her to you." With this he retired into the drawing-room, closing the door softly after him: once closed it became invisible; it fitted like wax, and left nothing to be seen but books; not even a knob. It shut to with that gentle but clean click which a spring bolt, however polished and oiled and gently closed, will emit. Altogether it was enough to give some people a turn. But Alfred's nerves were not to be affected by trifles; he put his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room, quietly enough at first, but by-and-by uneasily. "Confound her for wasting my time," thought he; "why doesn't she come?"

Then, as he had learned to pick up the fragments of time, and hated dawdling, he went to take a book from the shelves.

He found it was a piece of iron, admirably painted: it chilled his hand with its unexpected coldness: and all the books on and about the door were iron and chilly.

"Well," thought he, "this is the first dummy ever took me in. What a fool the man must be! Why, he could have bought books with ideas in them for the price of these impostors."

Still Peggy did not come. So he went to a door opposite and at right angles to the farthest window, meaning to open it and inquire after her: lo and behold he found this was a knob without a door. There had been a door, but it was blocked up. The only available door on that side had a key-hole, but no latch nor handle.

Alfred was a prisoner.

He no sooner found this out than he began to hammer on the door with his fists and call out.

This had a good effect, for he heard a woman's dress come rustling: a key was inserted, and the door opened. But, instead of Peggy, it was a tall well-formed woman of thirty, with dark gray eyes, and straightish eyebrows massive and black as jet. She was dressed quietly, but like a lady. Mrs. Archbold, for that was her name, cast on Alfred one of those swift, all-devouring glances, with which her sex contrive to take in the features, character, and dress of a person from head to foot, and smiled most graciously on him, revealing a fine white set of teeth. She begged him to take a seat, and sat down herself. She had left the door ajar.

"I came to see Margaret Black," said Alfred.

"Margaret Black? There is no such person here," was the quiet reply.

"What, has she gone away so early as this?"

Mrs. Archbold smiled, and said, soothingly, "Are you sure she ever existed, except in your imagination?"

Alfred laughed at this, and showed her Peggy's letter. She ran her eye over it, and returned it him with a smile of a different kind, half-pitying, half-cynical. But presently resuming her former manner, "I remember now," said she, in dulcet tones: "the anxiety you are laboring under is about a large sum of money, is it not?"

"What, can you give me any information about it?" said he, surprised.

"I think we can render you great *service* in the matter, infinite service, Mr. Hardie," was the reply in a voice of very honey.

Alfred was amazed at this. "You say you don't know Peggy! And yet you seem to know me. I never saw you in my life before, madam; what on earth is the meaning of all this?"

"Calm yourself," said Mrs. Archbold, laying a white and finely-moulded hand upon his arm, "there is no wonder nor mystery in the matter: *you were expected*."

The color rushed into Alfred's face, and he started to his feet: some vague instinct told him to be gone from this place.

The lady fixed her eyes on him, put her hand to a gold chain that was round her neck, and drew out of her white bosom, not a locket, nor a key, but an ivory whistle; keeping her eye steadily fixed on Alfred, she breathed softly into the whistle. Then two men stepped quietly in at the door; one was a short, stout snob, with great red whiskers, the other a wiry gentleman with iron-gray hair. The latter spoke to Alfred, and began to coax him. If Mrs. Archbold was honey, this personage was treacle. "Be calm, my dear young gentleman, don't agitate yourself. You have been sent here for your good; and that you may be cured, and so restored to society, and to your anxious and affectionate friends."

"What are you talking about? what do you mean?" cried Alfred; "are you mad?"

"No, *we* are not," said the short snob, with a coarse laugh.

"Have done with this fooling, then," said Alfred, sharply; "the person I came to see is not here; good-morning."

The short man instantly stepped to the door, and put his back to it. The other said, calmly, "No, Mr. Hardie, you can not leave the house at present."

"Can't I? Why not, pray?" said Alfred, drawing his breath hard: and his eyes began to glitter dangerously.

"We are responsible for your safety; we have force at hand if necessary; pray do not compel us to summon it."

"Why where, in God's name, am I?" said Alfred, panting now; "is this a prison?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Archbold, soothingly; "it is a place where you will be cured of your headaches and your delusions, and subjected to no unnecessary pain nor restraint."

"Oh, bother!" said the short snob, brutally. "Why make two bites of a cherry? You are in *my* asylum, young gentleman, and a devilish lucky thing for you."

At this fatal word "asylum," Alfred uttered a cry of horror and despair, and his eyes roved wildly round the room in search of escape. But the windows of the room, though outside the house they seemed to come as low as those of the drawing-room, were partly bricked up within, and made just too high to be reached without a chair. And his captors read that wild glance directly, and the doctor whipped one chair away, while Mrs. Archbold, with more tact, sat quietly down on the other. They all three blew their whistles shrilly.

Alfred uttered an oath and rushed at the door: but heard heavy feet running on stone passages toward the whistles, and felt he had no chance out that way: his dilating eye fell upon the handle of the old defunct door: he made a high leap, came down with his left foot on its knob of brass, and, though of course he could not stand on it, contrived to spring from it slap at the window—Mrs. Archbold screamed—he broke the glass with his shoulder, and tore and kicked the wood-work, and squeezed through on to a stone ledge outside, and stood there bleeding and panting, just as half a dozen keepers burst into the room at his back. He was more than twenty feet from the ground: to leap down was death or mutilation; he saw the flyman driving away. He yelled to him, "Hy! hy! stop! stop!" The flyman stopped and looked round. But soon as he saw who it was, he just grinned: Alfred could see his hideous grin; and there was the rattle of chairs being brought to the window, and men were mounting softly to secure him; a coarse hand stole toward his ankle; he took a swift step and sprang desperately on to the next ledge:—it was an old manor-house, and these ledges were nearly a foot broad:—from this one he bounded to the next, and then to a third, the last but one on this side the building; the corner ledge was but half the size, and offered no safe footing: but close to it he saw the outside leaves of a tree. That tree then must grow close to the corner; could he but get round to it he might yet reach the ground whole. Urged by that terror of a mad-house which is natural to a sane man, and in England is fed by occasional disclosures, and the general suspicion they excite, he leaped on to a piece of stone no bigger than one's hat, and then whirled himself round into the tree, all eyes to see and claws to grasp.

It was a weeping ash: he could get hold of nothing but soft yielding slivers, that went through his fingers, and so down with him like a bulrush, and souse he went with his hands full of green leaves over head and ears into the water of an enormous iron tank that fed the baths.

The heavy plunge, the sudden cold water, the instant darkness, were appalling: yet, like the fox among the hounds, the gallant young gentleman did not lose heart nor give tongue. He came up gurgling and gasping, and swimming for his life in manly silence: he swam round and round the edge of the huge tank trying in vain to get a hold upon its cold rusty walls. He heard whistles and voices about; they came faint to him where he was, but he knew they could not be very far off.

Life is sweet. It flashed across him how, a few years before, a university man of great promise had perished miserably in a tank on some Swiss mountain, a tank placed for the comfort of travelers. He lifted his eyes to Heaven in despair, and gave one great sob.

Then he turned upon his back and floated: but he was obliged to paddle with his hands a little to keep up.

A window opened a few feet above him, and a face peered out between the bars.

Then he gave all up for lost, and looked to hear a voice denounce him: but no, the livid face and staring eyes at the window took no notice of him; it was a maniac, whose eyes, bereft of reason, conveyed no images to the sentient brain: only by some half vegetable instinct this darkened man was turning toward the morning sun, and staring it full in the face; Alfred saw the rays strike and sparkle on those glassy orbs, and fire them; yet they never so much as winked. He was appalled yet fascinated by this weird sight; could not take his eyes off it, and shuddered at it in the very water. With such creatures as that he must be confined, or die miserably like a mouse in a basin of water.

He hesitated between two horrors.

Presently his foot struck something, and he found it was a large pipe that entered the tank to the distance of about a foot. This pipe was not more than three feet under water, and Alfred soon contrived to get upon it, and rest his fingers upon the iron edge of the tank. The position was painful: yet so he determined to remain till night; and then, if possible, steal away. Every faculty of mind and body was strung up to defend himself against the wretches who had entrapped him.

He had not been long in this position when voices approached, and next the shadow of a ladder moved across the wall toward him. The keepers were going to search his pitiable hiding-place. They knew, what he did not, that there was no outlet from the premises: so now, having hunted every other corner and cranny, they came by what is called the exhaustive process of reasoning to this tank; and, when they got near it, something in the appearance of the tree caught the gardener's quick eye. Alfred quaking heard him say, "Look here! He is not far from this."

Another voice said, "Then the Lord have mercy on him; why there's seven foot of water; I measured it last night."

At this Alfred was conscious of a movement and a murmur, that proved humanity was not extinct; and the ladder was fixed close to the tank, and feet came hastily up it.

Alfred despaired.

But, as usual with spirits so quick-witted and resolute, it was but for a moment. "One man in his time plays many animals;" he caught at the words he had heard, and played the game the jackal desperate plays in India, the fox in England, the elephant in Ceylon: he feigned death; filled his mouth with water, floated on his back paddling imperceptibly, and half closed his eyes.

He was rewarded by a loud shout of dismay just above his head, and very soon another ladder was placed on the other side, and with ropes and hands he was drawn out and carried down the ladder; he took this opportunity to discharge the water from his mouth; on which a coarse voice said, "Look there! *His* troubles are at an end."

However, they laid him on the grass, and sent for the doctor: then took off his coat, and one of them began to feel his heart to see whether there was any pulsation left; he found it thumping. "Look out," he cried, in some alarm, "he's shaming Abraham."

But before the words were well uttered, Alfred, who was a practiced gymnast, bounded off the ground without touching it with his hands, and fled like a deer toward the front of the house; for he remembered the open iron gate: the attendants followed shouting, and whistle answered whistle all over the grounds. Alfred got safe to the iron gate: alas! it had been closed at the first whistle twenty minutes ago. He turned in rage and desperation, and the head-keeper, a powerful man, was rushing incautiously upon him. Alfred instantly steadied himself, and with his long arm caught the man in full career a left-handed blow like the kick of a pony, that laid his cheek open and knocked him stupid and staggering; he followed it up like lightning with his right, and, throwing his whole weight into this second blow, sent the staggering man to grass; slipped past another, and skirting the south side of the house got to the tank again well in advance of his pursuers, seized the ladder, carried it to the garden wall, and was actually half-way up it, and saw the open country and liberty, when the ladder was dragged away and he fell heavily to the ground, and a keeper threw himself bodily on him. Alfred half expected this, and drawing up his foot in time, dashed it furiously in the coming face, actually knocking the man backward: another kneeled on his chest; Alfred caught him by the throat so felly that he lost all power, and they rolled over and over together, and Alfred got clear and ran for it again, and got on the middle of the lawn, and hallooed to the house: "Hy! hy! Are there any more sane men imprisoned there? come out, and fight for your lives!" Instantly the open windows were filled with white faces, some grinning, some exulting, all greatly excited; and a hideous uproar shook the whole place—for the poor souls were all sane in their own opinion—and the whole force of attendants, two of them bleeding profusely from his blows, made a cordon and approached him; but he was too cunning to wait to be fairly surrounded; he made his rush at an under-keeper, feinted at his head, caught him a heavy blow in the pit of the stomach, doubled him up in a moment, and off again, leaving the man on his knees vomiting and groaning. Several mild maniacs ran out in vast agitation and, to curry favor, offered to help catch him. Vast was their zeal. But, when it came to the point they only danced wildly about and cried, "Stop him! for God's sake stop him! he's ill, dreadfully ill; poor wretch! knock out his brains!" And, whenever he came near them, away they ran whining like kicked curs.

Mrs. Archbold, looking out at a window, advised them all to let him alone, and she would come out and persuade him. But they would not be advised; they chased him about the lawn; but so swift of foot was he, and so long in the reach, that no one of them could stop him, nor indeed come near him, without getting a facer that came like a flash of lightning.

At last, however, they got so well round him, he saw his chance was gone: he took off his hat to Mrs. Archbold at the window, and said quietly, "I surrender to *you*, madam."

At these words they rushed on him rashly; on this he planted two blows right and left, swift as a cat attacked by dogs; administered two fearful black eyes, and instantly folded his arms, saying haughtily, "It was to the lady I yielded, not to you fellows."

They seized him, shook their fists in his face, cursed him, and pinned him; he was quite passive: they handcuffed him, and drove him before them, shoving him every now and then roughly by the shoulders. He made no resistance, spoke no word. They took him to the strong-room, and manacled his ankles together with an iron hobble, and then strapped them to the bedposts, and fastened his body down by broad bands of ticking with leathern straps at the ends; and so left him more helpless than a swaddled infant. The hurry and excitement of defense were over, and a cold stupor of misery came down and sat like lead on him. He lay mute as death in his gloomy cell, a tomb within a living tomb. And, as he lay, deeper horror grew and grew in his dilating eyes; gusts of rage swept over him, shook him, and passed; then gusts of despairing tenderness; all came and went, but his bonds. What would his Julia think? If he could only let her know! At this thought he called, he shouted, he begged for a messenger: there was no reply. The cry of a dangerous lunatic from the strong-room was less heeded here than a bark from any dog kennel in Christendom. "This is my father's doing," he said. "Curse him! Curse him! Curse him!" and his brain seemed on fire, his temples throbbed: he vowed to God to be revenged on his father.

Then he writhed at his own meanness in coming to visit a servant, and his folly in being caught by so shallow an artifice. He groaned aloud. The clock in the hall struck ten. There was just time to get back if they would lend him a conveyance. He shouted, he screamed, he prayed. He offered terms humbly, piteously; he would forgive his father, forgive them all; he would say no more about the money; would do any thing, consent to any thing, if they would only let him keep faith with his Julia: they had better consent, and not provoke his vengeance. "Have mercy on me!" he cried. "Don't make me insult her I love. They will all be waiting for me. It is my wedding-day: you can't have known it is my wedding-day; fiends, monsters, I tell you it is my wedding-day. Oh pray send the lady to me; she can't be all stone, and my misery might melt a stone." He listened for an answer, he prayed for an answer. There was none. Once in a mad-house, the sanest man is mad, however interested and barefaced the motive of the relative who has brought two of the most venal class upon the earth to sign away his wits behind his back; and, once hobbled and strapped, he is a *dangerous* maniac, for just so many days, weeks, or years, as the hobbles handcuffs and jacket happen to be left upon him by inhumanity, economy, or simple carelessness. Poor Alfred's cries and prayers were heard, but no more noticed than the night howl of a wolf on some distant mountain. All was sullen silence, but the grating tongue of the clock, which told the victim of a legislature's shallowness and a father's avarice that Time, deaf to his woe, as were the walls the men the women and the cutting bands, was stealing away with iron finger his last chance of meeting his beloved at the altar.

He closed his eyes, and saw her lovelier than ever, dressed all in white, waiting for him with sweet concern in that peerless face. "Julia! Julia!" he cried, with a loud heart-broken cry. The half hour struck. At that he struggled, he writhed, he bounded: he made the very room shake, and lacerated his flesh; but that was all. No answer. No motion. No help. No hope.

The perspiration rolled down his steaming body. The tears burst from his young eyes and ran down his cheeks. He sobbed, and sobbing almost choked, so tight were his linen bands upon his bursting bosom.

He lay still exhausted.

The clock ticked harshly on: the rest was silence. With this miserable exception; ever and anon the victim's jammed body shuddered so terribly it shook and rattled the iron bedstead, and told of the storm within, the agony of the racked and all foreboding soul.

For then rolled over that young head hours of mortal anguish that no tongue of man can utter, nor pen can shadow. Chained sane among the mad; on his wedding-day, expecting with tied hands the sinister acts of the soul-murderers who had the power to make their lie a truth! We can paint the body writhing vainly against its unjust bonds; but who can paint the loathing, agonized soul in a mental situation so ghastly? For my part I feel it in my heart of hearts, but am impotent to convey it to others; impotent, impotent.

Pray think of it for yourselves, men and women, if you have not *sworn* never to think over a novel. Think of it, for your own sakes; Alfred's turn to-day, it may be yours to-morrow.

A GIFT BY THE WAY-SIDE.

THE old farm-house clock had just struck seven, and over all the hills the purple vapors of twilight were coming down, waking spicy odors among the sweet-fern in the pastures and the blue wild-grapes ripening in the woods, while the whip-poor-will sang sadly on the mossy rails of the broken-down fence that skirted the ravine, and the katydids chirped shrilly through the morning-glory leaves above the window!

"Seven o'clock!" echoed Silas Miller, just as though he had not been watching that slow-creeping minute-hand for the last half hour. "He will soon be here now—my boy will soon be here!"

What a strange softening of the rugged features, what an unwonted quiver of the harsh voice there was, when he uttered the two simple words "My boy!" Yes, it was *his* boy, who was coming back from the smoke of half a score of battle-fields; no wonder that the thought sent a thrill through his iron nature. *His* soldier—*his* hero!

"Surely I ought to hear the stage-horn," he said, feverishly pacing up and down the narrow path, where the maple leaves lay like a carpet of pale gold. "Listen, Sybil! don't you hear it?"

"It's too early yet, father."

The light figure came stealing out to his side, and both together leaned over the garden-gate, gazing into the opal gloom of twilight with wistful, searching gaze.

She was not prettier than many another New England girl, yet there was a delicate type of beauty in her face and form that belongs as much to the "frozen North" as its pine forests and cliffs of eternal snow. Pale brown hair, with aureate lights crossing its surface at times, eyes like the blue larkspur, and lips that had stolen the dewy crimson of the wild rose; in pearls and blue crêpe Sybil Miller would have been "a beauty;" in her dress of gray gingham, she was something far better and nobler.

Suddenly the old man started and uttered an indistinct, glad cry.

"It's he, Sybil; don't you see, beyond the elder bushes! Child, don't hold me back; let me go and meet my boy!"

"No, father, you are mistaken; it is not Laurence; Laurence is shorter by half a head, and that is not his quick, buoyant step!"

"You're right, Sybil," said Silas Miller, almost petulantly. "Why do these vagrant soldiers go wandering by, giving honest folks such a start?"

"I suppose he did not know we were watching for Laurence," said Sybil, half smiling in the dusk.

"It was only this morning that a beggar, disgracing—I won't say wearing—the United States uniform, came by, and had the audacity to ask me for money!"

"Did not you give him something?"

"Give him something?" repeated Silas, angrily, "I'd have seen him starving first! I have no patience with these strolling beggars. Here's another specimen of the kind, I suppose. No, my man, you needn't trouble yourself to recite your pitiful story!"

For the tall figure, with halting step and coat thickly powdered with dust, had paused in front of the gate, and Sybil could just discern dark, piercing eyes, and a forehead curiously traversed by a crescent-shaped scar, apparently newly healed.

"I have nothing for you," said Silas, sharply. "Yes, yes, I know what you would say, but it's no use. If you're deserving, the proper authorities will take care of you, and if you're not, the county jail is the best place for you. Don't tell me about *want:* what have you done with your bounty money and your pay, if you're really what you pretend to be—a soldier?"

Even through the twilight Sybil could see the scarlet flush rising to the scarred forehead.

"Sir, you are mistaken. I did not beg!"

"No, you'd prefer to play the bully, I've no doubt. But I'm not a proper subject for you, so be about your business, my man!"

The soldier turned silently away, with a step more halting perhaps and a head more depressed, and passed slowly into the gathering dusk.

"Father," whispered Sybil, reproachfully, "had you forgotten that our Laurence too is a soldier?"

"No," returned Silas, abruptly, "I remembered it, and it convinced me all the more that a man, paid and pensioned like our Laurence, has no need to beg on the public highways."

"But, father, he did not beg."

"Because I would not allow it, child. I pay taxes for the support of such as he, and I swear I will do no more!"

He spoke in the sharp, high-pitched accents of passion, and when he looked round again Sybil was gone.

Footsore and weary, the travel-worn pedestrian had sat himself down on a mossy boulder by the road-side, when a quick, light footstep came up a little by-path, leading from the back door of the farm-house, through blackberry pastures and mown fields, and a slight figure bent above him.

"Do not mind my father's words; he was angry and unreasonable," she said, hurriedly. "I have little to give, but I want you to take it for the sake of my soldier-brother."

Before he could speak she had unfastened from her neck a blue ribbon with a tiny gold piece suspended from it, placed it in his hand, and was gliding away across the fields like some little gray nun, in her sober-hued dress. He rose up, as if to follow and overtake her, but it was too late, and as he bent his head over the gleaming token something very like a tear dropped upon its circlet of tiny stars.

"And now tell us every thing that has happened to you, Laurence? Oh, Laurence, when I waked this morning it seemed all a dream that you had come back to us again in very truth."

The bronzed, handsome young soldier looked smilingly down into the radiant face that nestled against his shoulder, and a serious shadow stole into his eyes.

"I can tell you, Sybil, it came very near being 'nothing more than a dream' once or twice. I have had more hair-breadth 'scapes than you know of, little sister. I did not tell you, did I, of that skirmish along the Potomac where I stood face to face with death, an ugly death, too, at the point of rebel bayonets, when some brave fellow charged down on 'em and saved my life with his own right hand."

"Who was it, Laurence?" said old Silas, with trembling lip and dilated eyes. "I would give my best wheat field for a chance to grasp that right hand."

"I don't know—I never came across him again. Probably he was in some other regiment. All I know is that he had fiery black eyes, and an odd scar on his forehead, shaped exactly like a Moorish crescent."

"And a straight nose, and a heavy black mustache?" interrupted his sister.

"Exactly."

"Father," said Sybil, turning with sparkling eyes and crimson cheek to where Silas Miller sat, "the wandering soldier whom you turned from your door last night was the man who saved our Laurence's life."

Silas rose up from his chair and took an uneasy turn across the room and back, his iron features working strangely.

"It can't be helped now," he said, in a tremulous voice; "but it's the last soldier I'll ever send with empty hands from *this* door. The man who saved our Laurence's life! Oh, Sybil! if I had only listened to your words!"

But she never spoke of the little lucky-piece of gold. She fancied it might seem like ostentation, this shy, fastidious little wild-flower of the hills.

"My Sybil going to be married among the fine folks down in Boston! Well, I s'pose I might have expected it, and yet it does seem kind o' hard," soliloquized Silas Miller, dropping the happy, timid letter in his lap, and looking out through dimmed spectacles upon the snowy, sun-bright hills. "I wonder who it is. I should like to see the man that's going to marry Sybil Miller."

Silas would have been a proud man could he have beheld his pretty daughter that self-same night in her white evening dress, with scarlet geraniums lighting up her brown hair and glowing on her bosom. No wonder that Captain Leslie's face brightened with grave, quiet pride as he looked down on his fair betrothed.

"Sit down here, dearest, in this quiet little music-room," he said, with caressing authority. "I can't share your sweet eyes and sweeter words with all the world any longer. I must have you all to myself for a while."

She looked up with a blushing smile, then down again.

"Well?" he asked, as if she had spoken.

"I was wondering, Allen—that scar on your forehead!"

"What of it?"

"Why, it is such a singular shape—almost a half circle. I never saw but one like it before."

"Did not you? And where was that?"

"A poor soldier passed our gate once with just such a scar on his forehead, and—"

She paused, for Allen Leslie had quietly taken from some inner receptacle in his coat a tiny piece of gold with a narrow blue ribbon passed through it. He held it smilingly up.

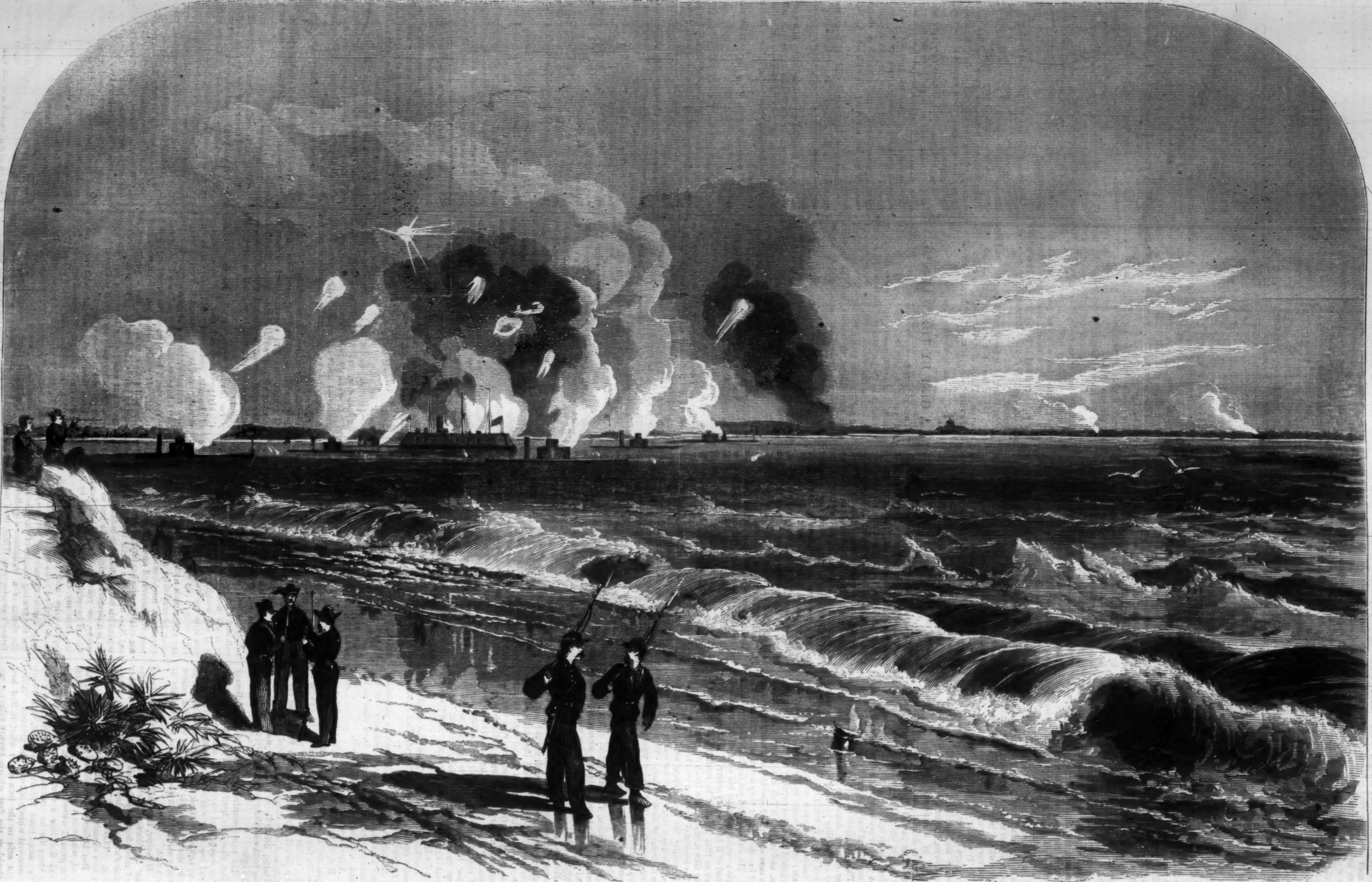
"Do you know who gave this to me?"

"Gave it to *you*, Allen?"

"To me, a footsore, weary wanderer, who had missed his way among your tangled roads. You fancied me a beggar—it was not so. I had money, friends, position; yet I stood sorely in need of a kind word just then, for my brain was throbbing, my limbs weary, my wounds scarce healed. That foot-march cost me a weary fever. Yet I do not regret it; for—"

He took her hand tenderly into his, and added,

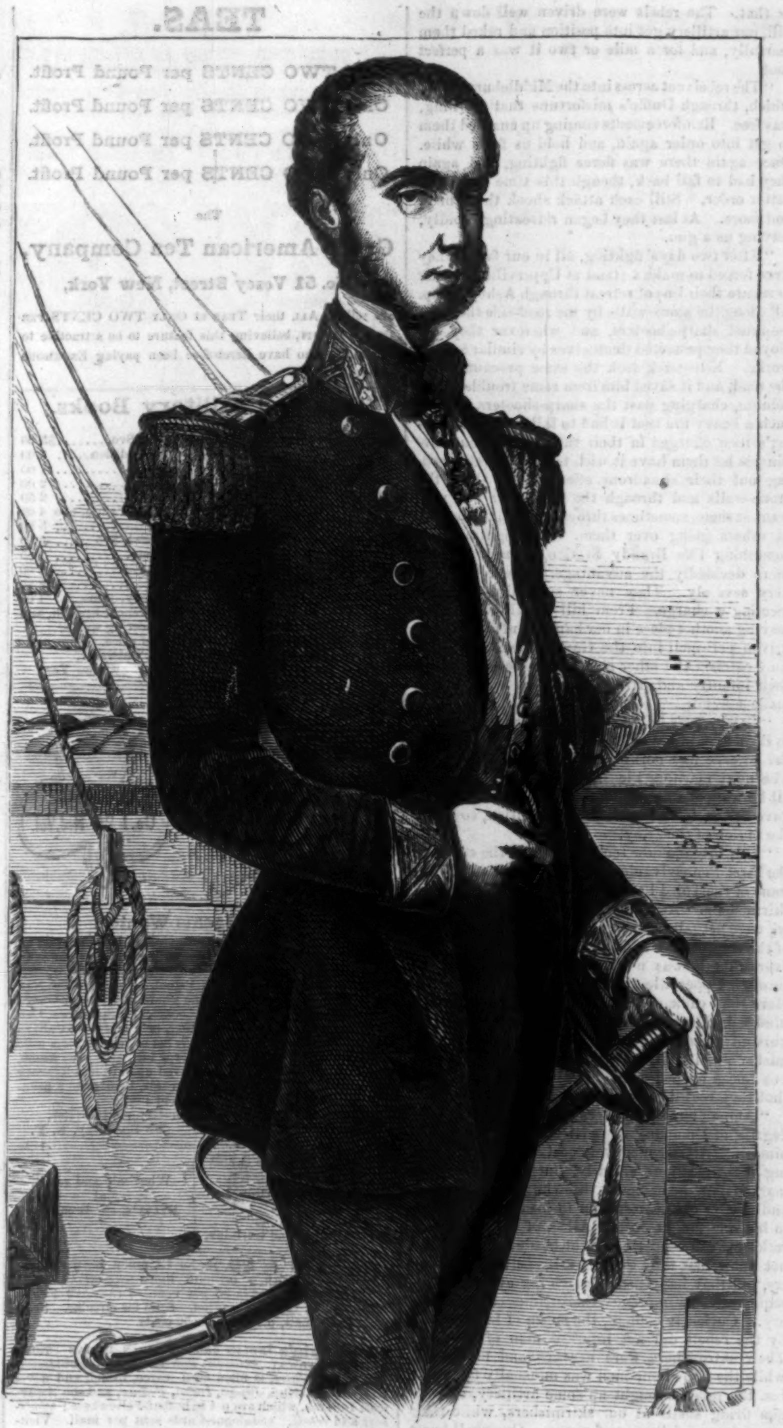
"For although I might have known that my Sybil was beautiful, yet had it not been for that blue-ribboned piece of gold I never should have known how good and true she was."


Moultrieville.
Fort Moultrie.
Moultrie House.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT MOULTRIE BY THE IRON-CLADS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 621.]

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, OF AUSTRIA.

WE publish herewith a portrait of the ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, OF AUSTRIA, who has been named by the French officers in Mexico Emperor of that country. The Archduke is a man of middle age, and a sailor by trade. He enjoys a fair reputation in his own country, and has been well spoken of by foreigners who have known him. Some years ago he married the daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, one of the most sensible and upright of sovereigns. Whether or no he will fall into the trap laid for him by the Emperor of the French remains to be seen. The first intelligence was that he would unhesitatingly accept. But since then his views appear to have undergone some modification, possibly under good advice from his father-in-law. Mr. Motley's excellent opinions, expressed to Count Rechberg, may not have been without their weight upon the mind of the Archduke.



THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN, OF AUSTRIA, PRETENDED EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

WE continue in this number our illustrations of the siege of Charleston, from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. On page 609 we give a picture of the

CHARGE OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT ON REBEL RIFLE-PITS.

Mr. Davis writes: "A sand-hill had been taken advantage of by the rebels as a cover for a number of sharp-shooters, who constantly annoyed our sappers with their pinging Miniés. This was not to be overlooked for a moment, and the rebels left the place not to return."

The New York *Times* correspondent says:

> One of the most brilliant events that has been witnessed on the island since the inauguration of the siege movements, occurred last Wednesday night—an event in which the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment bore a worthy and conspicuous part, and which resulted most advantageously for the Union side. Prior to the event of Wednesday night, four parallels, with the usually accompanying approaches, had been built. Beyond the fourth parallel a sap had been commenced which was being extended toward Wagner as fast as the circumstances would allow. At night our pickets were thrown out fifty yards to the front, which brought them to within about fifty yards of the rebel pickets. Between the opposing pickets was a ridge of sand which it was very essential we should occupy in order to facilitate engineering movements. The rebels also understood the importance of the position, and every night had sent two or three regiments to hold it. As will be seen, however, they were behind time on this occasion, and so lost the ground. The Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, Colonel F. A. Osborne, was on duty in the trenches at the time. Just before dark, in accordance with orders issued, the batteries on the right, that is, in the parallels, commanded by Captains Jos. J. Comstock, Charles G. Strahn, Albert Green, and Lieutenant George Green, of the Third Rhode Island Artillery, also, Captain Skinner, of the Seventh Connecticut, who commands a battery of mortars, were opened simultaneously on Wagner and the rifle-pits between the fort and the ridge and on the ridge itself. After fifteen minutes of deafening cannonading, our guns having been replied to by the enemy from Wagner, Gregg, and Simpkins, the firing on our side was directed particularly to points beyond the ridge, and the Twenty-fourth, who were near at hand, was ordered to dash forward and seize that ground. In a moment the men leaped over the parallel, and in another moment were passing up the ridge. One company of the Sixty-first North Carolina were in the rifle-pits, but before they knew their own senses were surrounded and taken prisoners. Our men then placed themselves in a state of defense by throwing up an earth-work which had increased before morning to the dimensions of a parallel, making a number of five in the series. It can not be said the company of North Carolinians fought obstinately in the defense of the ridge, for they, in the first place, were too few in numbers, and in the second place, were too quickly surrounded. What our men had most to fear was the canister and grape from Wagner. The range was short—only 150 yards, and it required a lively handling of spades to put up a protection. From the time the guns were opened to the moment the Twenty-fourth were on the summit of the ridge, thirty minutes had elapsed. The regiment lost two killed, eight wounded, and one missing. The rebel loss was four killed, eight wounded, and sixty-eight prisoners, including two lieutenants. In fact, the entire rebel company, with the exception of the Captain and two or three privates, were either killed, wounded, or captured.
>
> We gained a portion of ground, the possession of which enabled the engineers to go on with the approaches toward Wagner. We now have the fifth parallel and a sap extending therefrom, the head of which is but one hundred yards from the rebel fort. Numerous rifle-pits of the enemy, which were filled with sharp-shooters, have been leveled, and he has been forced to contract his boundary limits. In a word, we have materially added to the chances of a speedy capture of Wagner.

On pages 612 and 613 we illustrate

FORT WAGNER.

Mr. Davis writes:

"MORRIS ISLAND, *September* 8.

"The fact that our approaches had reached the ditch of Wagner had scarcely time to be known when it was noised about that we were to storm the place the coming dawn. Ere this could be done the wily foe had left us the possessors of Morris Island.

"That spades are again trumps seems unquestioned; and it may not be out of place to mention the fact that all engaged in the work of the reduction of the rebel works performed their respective duties admirably.

"Who was the very first to enter Wagner is a much-mooted question. Certain it is, however, that Sergeant Vermillion and five men of the Thirty-ninth Illinois regiment were in the fort as soon as any one. Almost simultaneous with their entrance was that of Captains Walker and Pratt, of the Engineers, and Lieutenant Michie, of General Gilmore's staff.

"My sketches give views of the fort—one showing the dismantled condition as well as the natural strength of the work; the other the scene of the charge made on the 18th of July, our men having got into this portion of the work at that time. In the fore-ground of this sketch is shown an incident of hourly occurrence.

"The attack upon Gregg, though well planned, was discovered, and proved unsuccessful.

"After having sketched Fort Wagner I started for Battery Gregg, and had nearly reached that place, after a most unpleasant tramp under a constant fire, when old Sol sent an unusually hot beam, and the next known I found myself much nearer Wagner than Gregg, and a copious drenching of the salt-water of the ocean going on. Asking where I was hit, I was told 'twas sun-stroke; and a remark shortly afterward made by one of our brave defenders, that 'the artist man was luney,' suggested to my mind that a speedy leave-taking of my soldier friends might be advisable. This is the reason why no sketch of Battery Gregg is presented with this package of sketches.

"The picture of

THE IRON-CLADS ENGAGING THE WORKS UPON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND,

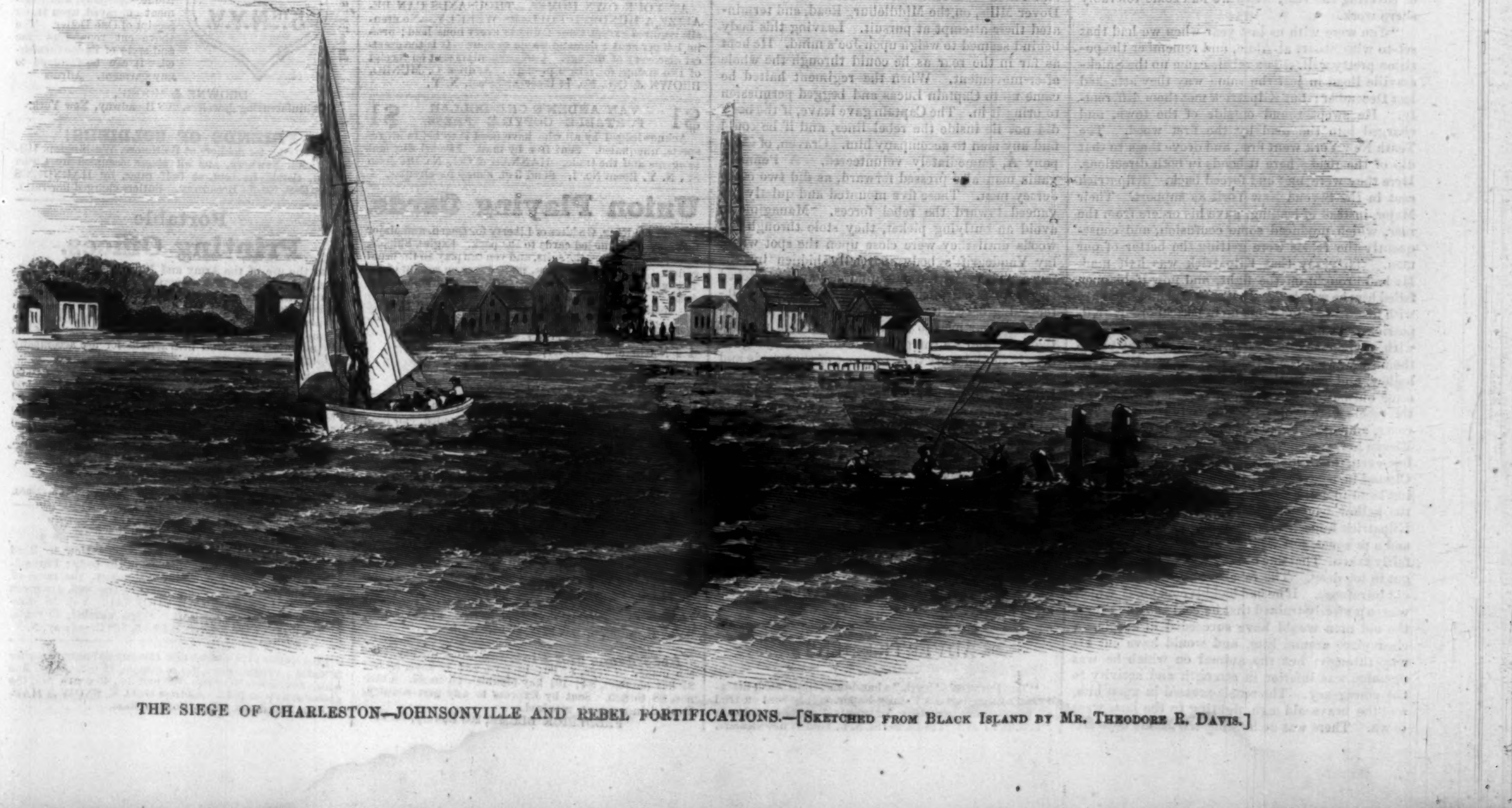
sketched from the beach of Morris Island, gives, I think, the most comprehensive view of the scene.

"How reckless men become after a period of constant exposure to shell fire can be seen by the entire indifference exhibited by the soldiers upon the beach, who take their usual tramps under the constantly-bursting shells with a nonchalance almost wonderful."

On this page we give

FORT JOHNSON AND JOHNSONVILLE, SKETCHED FROM BLACK ISLAND.

Mr. Davis writes: "During a little jaunt with Colonel Serrell, a few days since, being in quest of sketches, I found the scenes that I send to you—the Colonel's very excellent glass rendering it



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—JOHNSONVILLE AND REBEL FORTIFICATIONS.—[SKETCHED FROM BLACK ISLAND BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

practicable to sketch many places that must certainly have gone unpictured had one been forced to rely upon unaided eyesight.

"This view of Fort Johnson and its surroundings is not only interesting but picturesque, and since it is known that the rebels rely almost entirely for the defense of Charleston upon sand-works of this kind, these views assume an interest that they have been hitherto devoid of."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We devote two pages this week to an illustration of the Army of the Potomac, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud. On pages 616 and 617 we give

THE EXECUTION OF DESERTERS.

Mr. Waud writes: "The crime of desertion has been one of the greatest drawbacks to our army. If the men who have deserted their flag had but been present on more than one occasion defeat would have been victory, and victory the destruction of the enemy. It may be therefore fairly asserted that desertion is the greatest crime of the soldier, and no punishment too severe for the offense. But the dislike to kill in cold blood—a Northern characteristic—the undue exercise of executive clemency, and in fact the very magnitude and vast spread of the offense, has prevented the proper punishment being applied. That is past; now the very necessity of saving life will cause the severest penalties to be rigorously exacted. The picture represents the men who were sentenced to death in the Fifth Corps for desertion at the moment of their execution. Some of these had enlisted, pocketed the bounty, and deserted again and again. The sentence of death being so seldom enforced they considered it a safe game. They all suffered terribly mentally, and as they marched to their own funeral they staggered with mortal agony like a drunken man. Through the corps, ranged in hushed masses on the hill-side, the procession moved to a funeral march, the culprits walking each behind his own coffin. On reaching the grave they were, as usual, seated on their coffins; the priests made short prayers; their eyes were bandaged; and with a precision worthy of praise for its humanity, the orders were given and the volley fired which launched them into eternity. They died instantly, although one sat up nearly a minute after the firing; and there is no doubt that their death has had a very salutary influence on discipline."

WIND-MUSIC AND THE CHILD.

A tune that keeps no earthly time or measure,
Rising and falling at the wind's wild pleasure;
Now quick in haste, now slow in languid leisure,

But always very musically sweet,
And always sad. No little childish feet
To its soft cadence dance along the street;

No little childish voice breaks into singing,
By a glad impulse, like a wild bird flinging
An echo to the sound the wind is bringing:

Rather the child, although scarce knowing why,
Hearing this music, passes slowly by,
And breathes its fear and wonder in a sigh.

THE WAY JOE ALLEN BURIED VANDEGRIFT.

"I promised to tell you something about Aldie and Upperville," said the Adjutant of the First Jersey. "We did not go into the fights themselves, being for the first time kept in reserve; but after we had finished driving the enemy, and began to move back to the army, our brigade had the honor of covering the rear, when we had some tolerably sharp work.

"You were with us last year when we had that set-to with Stuart at Aldie, and remember the position pretty well. The rebels came up the Snickersville Road in just the same way they attacked last December; but Kilpatrick met them differently. He swept round outside of the town, and charged into the road by the first wood. The Tenth New York went first, and drove them to that dip of the road where it bends in both directions. Here they were met and forced back. Kilpatrick sent in the Second New York as support. Their Major, instead of leading, gave his orders from the rear, which produced some confusion, and consequently the rebels were getting the better of our men. They say that Kilpatrick was half mad. He had brought on the fight, and now if his men failed him he was lost. Just then Colonel Doughty with his First Maine came up in perfect order. Kilpatrick rode up to them, and they dashed forward with a vigor that was irresistible. Right before them they swept the rebels, past the woods and the hollow, and up to the last hill, where there were some old hay-stacks grouped together. Some of the rebels were protecting themselves under their cover, and opened a heavy fire; but it was no use. Eleven horses went down right around the stacks; but even that did not check the Maine fellows. Closing in, they drove the enemy away, and, fighting hand to hand, forced them down the steep into the hollow beyond. It was terribly close work. Kilpatrick himself was, they say, once surrounded and a prisoner, but was cut out before he could be fairly taken. That fine old soldier Colonel Doughty got in too deep. The rebels ordered him to yield, but he refused. If he had had his own horse, which was so perfectly trained that he could do any thing, the old man would have succeeded in keeping a clear place around him, and would have cut his way through; but the animal on which he was mounted was inferior in strength and activity to the emergency. The rebels pressed in upon him, and the brave old man, fighting to the last, went down. There was no holding the Maine boys after that. The rebels were driven well down the hill, our artillery got into position and raked them fearfully, and for a mile or two it was a perfect rout.

"The rebels cut across into the Middlebury Road, which, through Duffie's misfortune that morning, was free. Reinforcements coming up enabled them to get into order again, and hold us for a while. Once again there was fierce fighting, and again they had to fall back, though this time in a little better order. Still each attack shook them more and more. At last they began retreating rapidly, leaving us a gun.

"After two days' fighting, all in our favor, they were forced to make a stand at Upperville, in order to secure their line of retreat through Ashby's Gap. All along the stone-walls by the road-side they dismounted sharp-shooters, and wherever they deployed they protected themselves by similar breastworks. Kilpatrick took the same precaution on the road, and it saved him from some trouble. His column, charging past the sharp-shooters, caught such a heavy fire that it had to fall back, and Stuart's men charged in their turn. Then our carbineers let them have it with terrible effect, weeding out their squadrons effectually. Over the stone-walls and through the inclosures our men went at them, sometimes throwing down the fences, at others going over them. The fighting was something like Brandy Station, though we had more decidedly the advantage. The rebels lost very severely. They never succeeded in fairly meeting a charge. From hill to hill they went, leaving another piece in our hands, and at last were driven pell-mell into the Gap. It was not until they reached the other side, and were covered by their infantry and artillery, that they were able to make a stand.

"Kilpatrick's brigade had the work that day all to itself; and they did it so thoroughly that we in the reserve had nothing to do but to follow up. The next morning Pleasanton, having found out all he wanted to know, and done what he wanted, gave orders to fall back to our position, covering the march of the army.

"Our brigade now took the rear of the column; the First Pennsylvania and First New Jersey, with some of the Third Pennsylvania, being deployed as skirmishers. As soon as the rebels discovered that we were actually retiring they came swarming out of the Gap. They had received such a lesson, however, that it was not until after we had passed through Upperville that they attempted to close. Here they came out suddenly, wheeling from behind a hill, and charged. It was a very distinguished failure. They rode in toward our skirmishers, as if fully determined to break through; but Lucas opened such a scathing fire upon them that they reeled back in dismay.

"Among our skirmishers that day Private Vandegrift, of Company D, particularly distinguished himself. All our men were cool and daring, keeping their positions steadily, but he fought with marked judgment, never throwing away his fire, and always the nearest man to the enemy. Close to his side fought Joseph Allen, of Company F, a reckless, warm-hearted, light-headed boy. I do not know that they fought really better than others, but they happened to catch my eye, and subsequent events impressed their names on my memory. Curiously enough, the storm of bullets fired by the rebels did not injure a man of our line. Their skirmishers were nervous and fired wild, while the aim of our men was unusually fatal. At last the rebels brought up some artillery, and began firing shells at our skirmishers, while their men kept carefully out of range. One shell burst under the horse of Captain Englebert, of the Third Pennsylvania, curiously enough without harming horse or rider. Another struck Vandegrift in the side, tearing through him without exploding. As he fell Allen sprung to the ground, seized him, and placed his body carefully by the fence. At this moment the rebels made another abortive charge, and Allen had to remount. This was near the Dover Mills, on the Middleburg Road, and terminated their attempt at pursuit. Leaving this body behind seemed to weigh upon Joe's mind. He kept as far in the rear as he could through the whole after-movement. When the regiment halted he came up to Captain Lucas and begged permission to bring it in. The Captain gave leave, if the body did not lie inside the rebel lines, and if he could find any men to accompany him. Craven, of Company A, immediately volunteered. A Pennsylvania man also pressed forward, as did two other Jersey men. These five mounted and quietly advanced toward the rebel forces. Managing to avoid an outlying picket, they stole through the woods until they were close upon the spot where lay Vandegrift's body, partially hidden by the fence. There, within one hundred yards, stretched the enemy's skirmish line, with no obstruction intervening between them and the body. 'No matter,' said our men to each other; 'it lies without the lines, and we can get it without disobeying orders.' So suddenly they rode out of the woods and spread themselves before the body. As they did so, Craven dismounted and lifted the body on his horse. The movement so paralyzed the rebels that they were unable to fire until after he had done this. Then, as he remounted, they delivered a hasty and ineffectual fire. Without returning it our men wheeled and dashed back into cover with the burden for which they had risked so much. Half sadly, half triumphantly, they bore it back to camp; and as they laid it in a decent grave felt a soldier's satisfaction that their comrade obtained a proper resting-place from their hands, instead of being tumbled into a ditch by the enemy, or left unburied, a prey to unclean beasts and the foul birds of prey."

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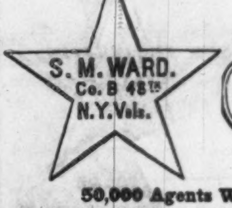
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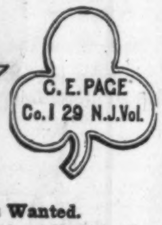

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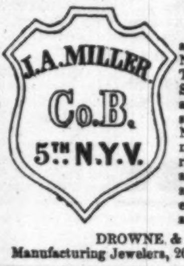
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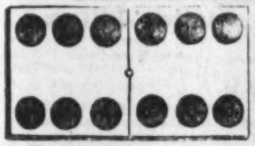

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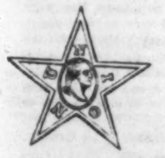

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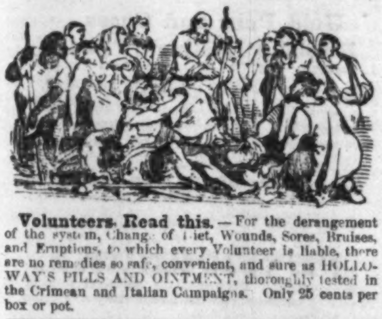

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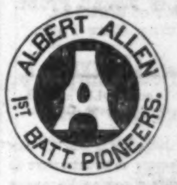

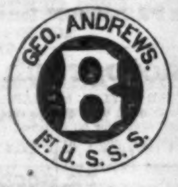
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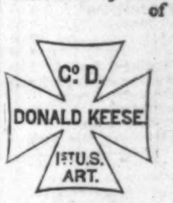
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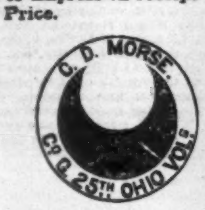
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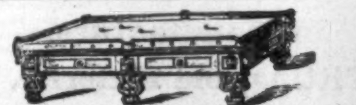

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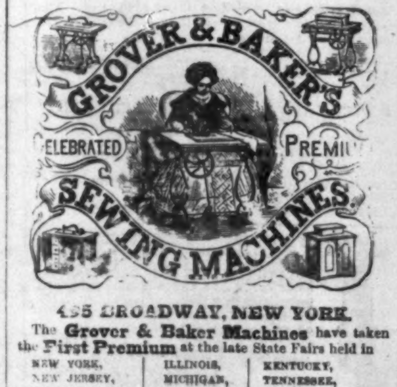

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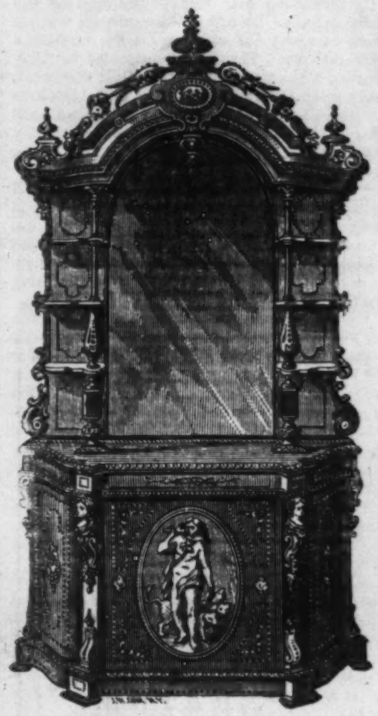

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